

SIR!

APRIL • 75c • K

FAMILY AND GROUP SEX: HOW THE TWO CONNECT

intimate new reports from our national Survey page 18

"STARLET" — THE MOVIE THAT'S SO ADULT IT'S RATED "XXX"

8 pages of exclusive photos! page 6

MOVIE PROSTITUTES FROM THEDA TO BARBRA

an illustrated analysis of filmdom's
changing standards page 42

SIR!'s beauty selections:

JACQUELINE _____ page 27

JANE BEAUFORT _____ page 30

LIVING ART _____ page 38

LINDA _____ page 57 and cover



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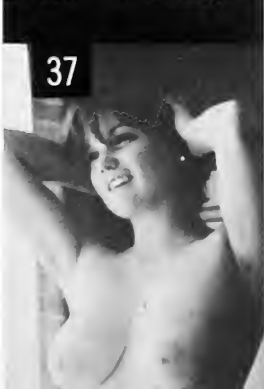
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SIR!

APRIL · 1971

COVER GIRL

LINDA VENTIMIGLIA
feast your eyes on four pages of lovely Linda

57

PHOTO FEATURES

"STARLET" 6
JANE BEAUFORT 30
"LIVING ART" 38

FICTION

LUCKY PETE SPENCER By Lee Papenhausen 14
TOPS BETWEEN THE SHEETS By Ned Buller 28
WET-NURSING A FEMALE LUSH By Jaime Sandaval 46

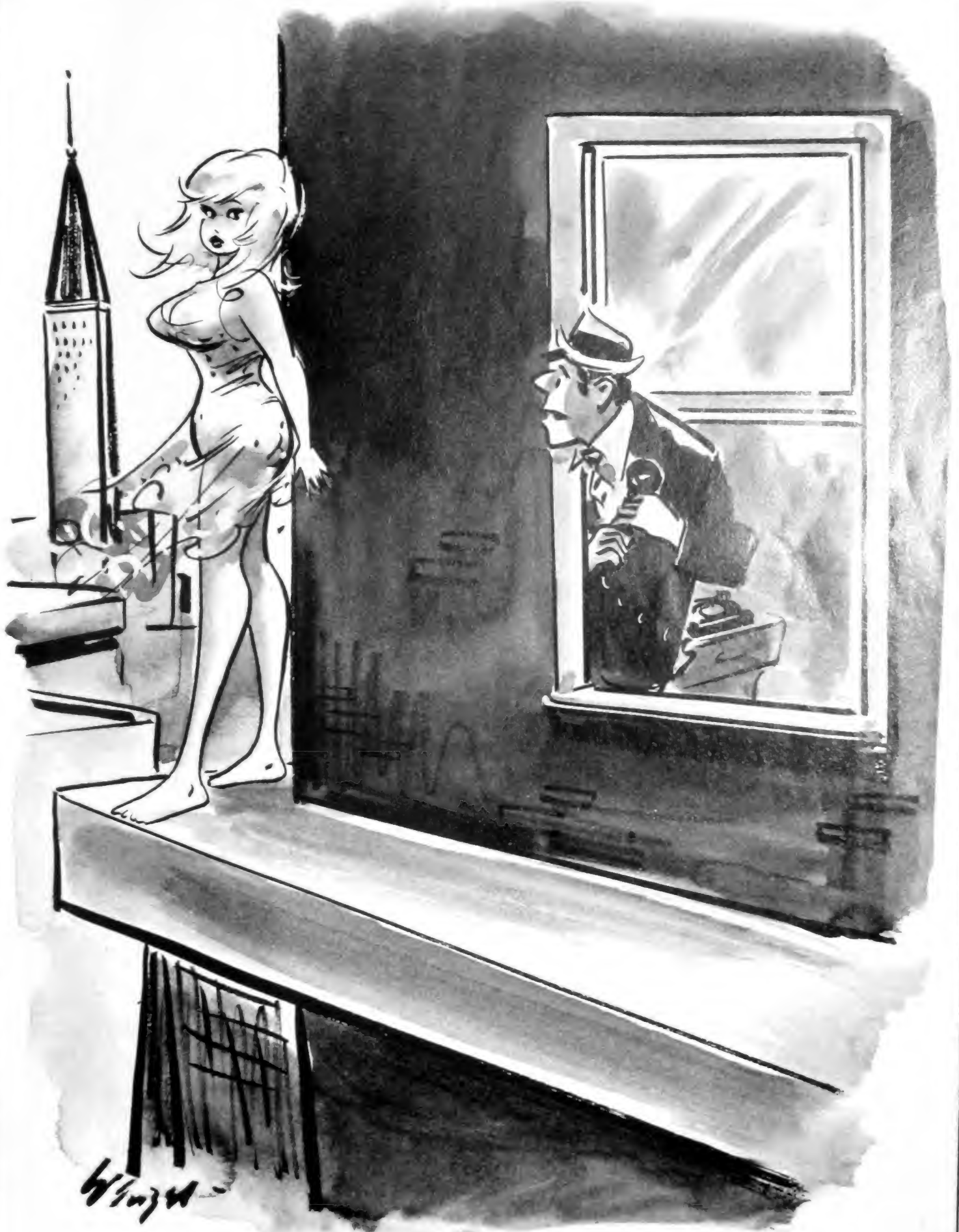
ARTICLES

SEX SURVEY: INTERRELATIONSHIPS 18
THE NEW VIOLENCE ON FILM By Raoul MacFarlane 22
MOVIE PROSTITUTES FROM THEDA TO BARBRA By Alfred K. Allan 42

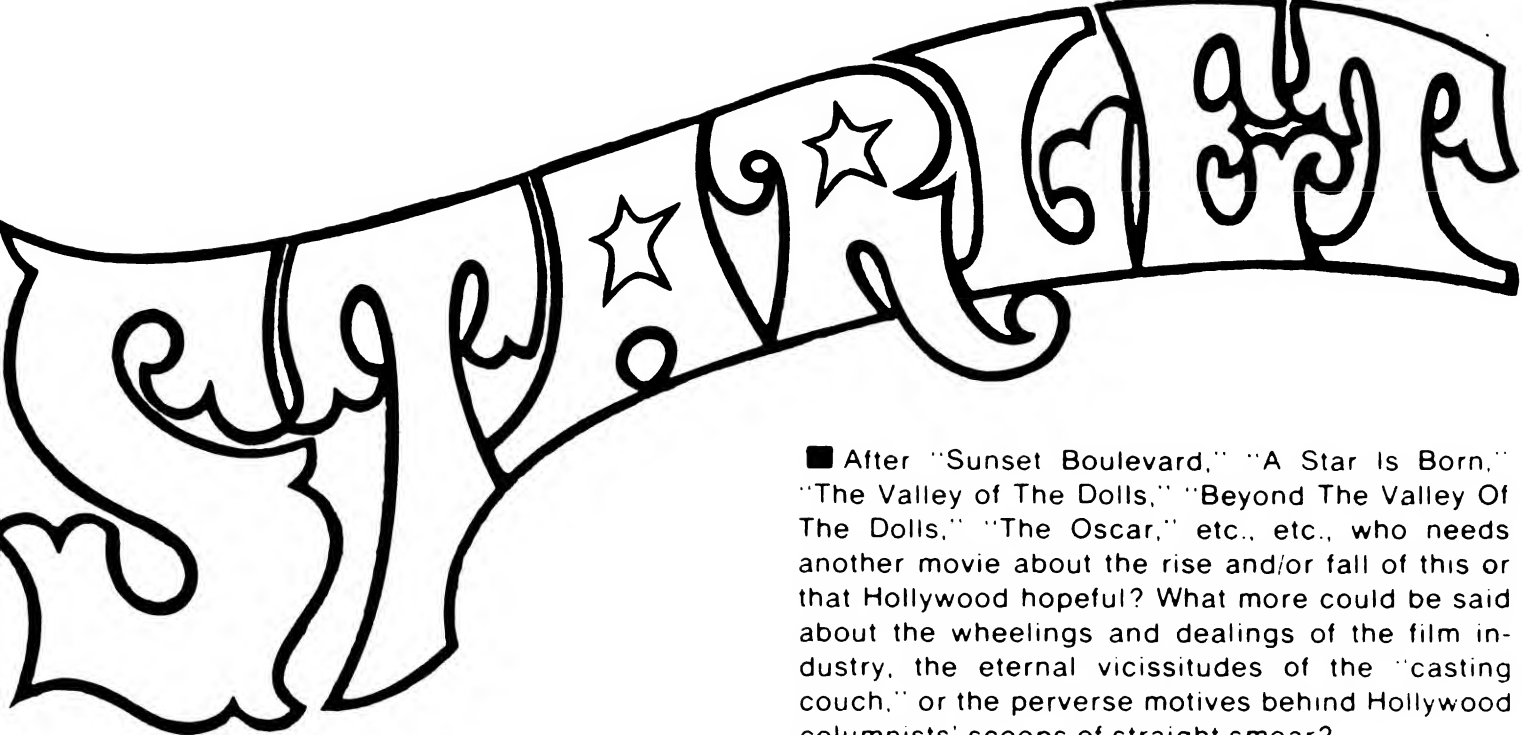
DEPARTMENTS

INSIDE SIR! 4
SIR PEEPS AT PRIVACY 24
PARIS REPORT 26
JOKES FOR PLAYTIME 37
DEAR SIR! 41
STRICTLY G.I. 50

And in case you think that decoration on skin went out with Eva Braun, check out page 6. Several very attractive girls are further enhanced by the application of paint. Rather quaint, eh wut?



"None of the papers are coming. . . I think they smell publicity stunt. . ."



**THE MOVIE THAT HAS SOMETHING
FOR EVERYONE AND RATES ITSELF "XXX"
BECAUSE IT IS SO ADULT
THAT ONE "X" ISN'T ENOUGH!**

By RALPH WALTERS

■ After "Sunset Boulevard," "A Star Is Born," "The Valley of The Dolls," "Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls," "The Oscar," etc., etc., who needs another movie about the rise and/or fall of this or that Hollywood hopeful? What more could be said about the wheelings and dealings of the film industry, the eternal vicissitudes of the "casting couch," or the perverse motives behind Hollywood columnists' scoops of straight smear?

The answer is, "Plenty!" And Plenty is the only word for what's been said in the new Ado Production-with-a-little-bit-of-everything entitled "Starlet," which stars Shari Mann, Stuart Lancaster and John Alderman. This Production-with-a-little-bit-of-everything has so much of Everything (and we all know what That is) that its producers gave it an XXX rating to warn potential viewers that it's "so adult that one 'X' isn't enough." This plus the words on the theater marquee were enough to draw in me and my date. They read (Continued on page 11)







When Maxine Henning, aging but still sexy EVI Studio-star, learns that she is to be replaced by a younger starlet, her first move in a plan of vengeance is to entrap the younger starlet's best friend in a sizzling bout on the sheets, as in photos above. For what follows, see the movie!







as follows: "The Lure of motion picture stardom for young pretty girls has always been part of the American Dream. . . but little has been told about the price exacted for daring to dream. . ." How could we resist this and a triple X?

Once inside, we quickly became engrossed in the unflinching portrayal of a world given to terrible excesses, immeasurable heights, and unfathomable depths. The story starts when a young Hollywood hopeful, Carol Yates, played by Deidre Nelson, agrees to make a stag film for Phil Latio (John Alderman), a top director for EVI Studios who makes underground films solely for the amusement of his boss, cinema magnate Kenyon Adler (Stuart Lancaster).

The film, an interesting and probing study of Puritan morality (or lack thereof) which in fact depicts our forefathers in the act of punishing an adulteress through public nude whipping, is shown almost in its entirety, and there are some interesting scenes showing the making of the movie itself. So, what we were seeing part of the time was a Play Within A Play!

While making the film, Carol meets fellow actor Doug Davis, and afterwards invites him to her apartment, where he meets her two roommates, Alison Jordan (Shari Mann), a young hippie type, and Linda Ford, a 23 year old virgin. Linda is currently engaged to Forrest Barker, an ambitious young EVI director whose first assignment is a nudie—making for another skin-baring Play Within A Play involving violence. This one features a crazed motorcycle gang bent on subduing and torturing as many chicks as they can find. Being a 23 year old virgin, Linda is shocked at the thought of her fiance being





involved in so sordid an undertaking. (Not having ever seen a film comparable to "Starlet," or even to "Cold Turkey"—the pilgrim nudie—Film Within The Film—she has no idea at this point of the kinds of joys in store for her and her friends.

Some examples: Alison turns Lolita-like and attempts to seduce Doug who only gives her a sound spanking; Latio's stag film, when completed and shown to magnate Kenyon Adler, causes the eyes of the latter to bug out (over Carol's fully revealed attributes), and results in an invitation, for Carol, to a Hollywood Party; Alison, as a result of her work in Forrest's nudie is also invited to the Hollywood party; everyone, in fact, turns up at the Hollywood Party, their respective performances all apparently having brought Kenyon Adler's eyes to what could be called the "bugging" state.

The party is one of the high points in the film, resulting in a Lesbian alliance between Alison and AC-DC Maxine Henning, an aging (27) sexploitation starlet who loses a plum role in a new EVI production to Carol. The two of them plan to steal Carol's stag film (Maxine Henning hasn't ever even stolen a scene, much less a film) and to use it to wreck her career. All of these hijinx end in a chase, not unlike the one in the Marx Brothers' "Big Store"

(Continued on page 63)

*Above, Doug Davis gives teasing Allison just deserts.
Below and right, motorcycle gang makes sadistic whoopee.*







LUCKY PETE SPENCER

**ANY MAN SHOULD BE HAPPY TO BE
THE ONLY MAN IN TOWN. BUT CAN THERE
BE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING?**

By LEE PAPENHAUSEN

■ As I walked up to the door of the Hickman house, I transferred the list to my other hand and wiped off the sweat on my palm. And get that silly grin off your face, too, buddy. I told myself sternly. Want her to shut the door in your face? Not likely—she'd let you in if you were chortling like a chimpanzee. I thought gleefully.

I checked my list, my watch, and the number on the door again. Right place, right time. Ho boy. I rang the bell and



waited, conscious of eyes watching me from behind drawn curtains across the street.

Come on, come on baby, open up. Long uneasy seconds crawled by as I fidgeted on the doorstep. Come on. Then the door swung open and Lisa Hickman said softly, "Come in."

I could feel the smile on my face threatening to become a leer and I knew I was babbling as I stepped into the house.

"Well, lovely day, Lisa, ha ha . . . okay if I put this on the table? Yes, well, uh, where do you want to, uh, in the bedroom, I suppose, of course, haha."

Lisa never took her eyes off me until she turned, without having said a word, to lead me into the bedroom. She took off her clothes, hung them over the chair, and climbed into bed. Boy, she was something! I undressed quickly, checking my

watch. Twenty minutes to get to Roberta Johnson's. Plenty of time for a guy like me, and I smiled. Man, this was like a dream come true—and to think it was all their idea! I reached out to Lisa.

In a few minutes it was all over and just faded into resentment as I watched Lisa put on her clothes. She could have shown a little more enthusiasm about the whole thing. Oh, well, I shrugged, plenty more who'll be more eager to go to bed with Pete Spencer.

When I got to the front door, Lisa was waiting for me, the small tight smile on her face. I picked up my list off the table. "Well, goodbye, Lisa, see you again!" I glanced at the paper in my hand. "Tomorrow, right?"

She nodded and opened the front. (Continued on next page.)

door. "Thank you," she said, so quietly I almost missed it. Well, what do you say to that?

"Thank you," I said foolishly, because of course I was doing her the favor. But old habits die hard.

Okay, Roberta Johnson. Man, they sure scheduled them pretty close. What did they think I was—a machine? Well, come to think of it, I guess that's what I am, I told myself. A survival machine. Well, I didn't care to dwell on that thought. And then I could feel the eyes again, boring into me from every window. So I thought about Roberta.

Now there was a real doll. My steps quickened to keep time with my pulse. Bobbling Bertie, the guys used to call her, because when she walked, everything wobbled and bobbed and swung in her too-tight dress. The women hadn't even wanted to give Roberta her turn, but the more practical of the group insisted. Marilyn had had a particularly grim look on her face when she came home from that meeting.

Like the other unmarried women, Roberta'd been given one of the small apartments on the edge of town. Gals with families had the little wooden one story houses that lined the one street that made up our village of just over two hundred, half of them children. Leaving slightly less than one hundred women and me.

Bertie, here I come," I hummed under my breath as I took the steps to her apartment two at a time. "Ready or not..." Then the door opened and the song died in mid-note. The Bobbler was wearing skin tight pants and a nylon sweater that showed every crease of her body. Now this was more like it! She smiled seduc-

tively as she took my hand and led me into the overstuffed living room. Nothing reserved or shy about Roberta. She plopped down on the sofa bed, all made up with clean sheets and a fluffy new blanket.

Then she slowly took off her clothes watching me with the strange foxy curve of her mouth. This gal really knew how to treat a guy I thought, hurriedly fumbling with my clothes. Wow! I almost giggled when she started asking me solicitous questions: Would I like something to eat? How about a drink? Didn't I think the view was perfect? Yes the first two, thank you, and an answering smirk to the third. Then I realized she meant the view outside and, drink in hand, I walked over to the window. We had all afternoon, anyway.

It was some view. I stared at the mountains that ringed off our valley, like granite fences around a corral. Half joyously, half sadly, I thought, nobody will ever find us here. I finished my drink in one hasty gulp and walked over to the sofa bed.

By the time I got around to looking at my watch again, it was four-thirty. "Quick, the list!" I yelled, leaping out of bed. Roberta shook with laughter as she watched me rummaging frantically around the room.

"It's okay," she said. "Calm down, lover. No more today." She stretched out luxuriously on the bed, her head resting on her arms invitingly.

"I'd better go," I said and began the dressing routine again. It had been quite an experience. Old Roberta knew a few things I hadn't heard of and she was happy to share her knowledge with me. Nothing like that old stick Lisa, I thought gleefully.

"See you tomorrow, Pete?" She was

still lying in bed, her voice slow and drowsy, her eyes beginning to close.

"Wouldn't miss it. Oh, uh, the list?"

She pointed to a cluttered table near the door. I picked up the list and checked it again. Tomorrow, Roberta Johnson, three o'clock. Lisa at two, then another name, Liz Albert, the grocer's wife, at four. I was going to be one busy little boy tomorrow.

When I got home, Marilyn was just putting dinner on the table. Pete Junior and Mike greeted me with waving forks and eager shouts. "Hi, Daddy! You almost missed dinner. Where've you been?"

"Oh, out," and I shovelled in a huge spoonful of beans to fend off any more questions. Besides, all that exercise had given me an appetite. Marilyn shot an inquiring glance at me and I nodded back. Okay, everything was just swell. What a life!

In bed that night I lay awake, listening to my wife's even breathing. I reached out to give her a quick good night pat and suddenly she was in my arms, pressed against me. What could I do? She was my wife, after all, and I loved and cherished her just like the man said. So for the third time that day, Pete Spencer came through—a little weakly, perhaps, but after all I'm only human.

She finally went to sleep, her head snuggled in my arm. Poor kid—she didn't want to hear about my afternoon. All in the line of duty, only she was the one who suffered while I was doing or dying.

I waited for sleep, but the beginning of a dull aching throb told me it might be a while. Toughen up, old man. Can't let a little pain stand in the way of all this pleasure. I thought back to the first meetings of the valley's Committee of Ten: ten women who ruled the valley ever since the men had gone.

We'll probably never know what really happened six months ago. Our radios picked up jumbled reports of some kind of war—a big one. Some of the men, mostly unmarried, left to see what was happening on the other side of the mountains. Then a few husbands packed up, promising to return in a few days. Older sons left to join their fathers.

Time went by and scouting parties were sent out to see what was going on. They never came back. And then, one day, we looked around to discover a valley of women and children. The oldest male inhabitant, except for me, was only ten years old.

How did I escape? Literally by accident. I had fallen off a ladder a week before the trouble began and had landed with three broken ribs, a broken leg and a concussion so severe I was unconscious over a month. By the time I was up and around the women had taken over. Our radios were dead—for all we knew we were the only people on earth.

Then the women had their big idea since there were no other men to ensure our survival, they would share me. Each woman drew up her own fertility chart—let's see, two days a month for each woman times about seventy-five women of child-bearing age, equalled three rolls in the hay daily for Pete Spencer. A dream come true. I finally fell



"Okay, he takes a dive in the seventh or eighth—but not in the first round. Can't you see that'd be cheating his fans?!"

THE SIR! SEX SURVEY FOR

1971

FAMILY AND GROUP SEX

■ The subject of this month's installment of the SIR! sex survey is incest. Many of our readers might be surprised how many reports of incest the editors of SIR! receive. In his book, "Incest Behavior," Dr. S. Kirson Weinberg expresses the opinion that revulsion to incest is social rather than biological, and that the reason for this is that incestuous relations generally produce sexual rivalries and disrupt family cohesion. As a result, there have always been strong social sanctions against incest. In Sweden, for example, a father is guilty of it if he has an erection while playing with his child. In the United States, in all states, sexual intercourse is the basis for the crime, and the penalties range from one year and/or a fine of \$500 to a maximum prison sentence of

50 years in both California and New Mexico.

We are, however, concerned here with one specific aspect of the incestuous experience. One gets the impression from more recent reports that a relationship exists (either has always existed, or has developed during our modern era of generally more relaxed restrictions upon sexual activity) between incest and group sex, as if the psychological antecedents to incestuous behavior are also those conducive to the desire for group activity. Take the following letter, our first example, contributed by a male college senior:

"My family and I are following with great interest your stories about modern morals, wifeswapping, sexclubs, etc. We think that you're doing a real fine job by letting people know that there is nothing unusual about their different sex habits and that these are shared by more people than we realized.

"Sex can be a lot of fun and does not just have to be coitus between husband and wife. We believe that the male and female sex organs can be used in different ways not only for the purpose of multiplying but also for pleasure only. As long as nothing is done to excess and with the agreement of one's partner a lot of enjoyment and relaxation can be achieved through sex.

"This is how we came to regard sex for about the last 2 years and we are happy, satisfied and like and respect each other. The peo-

ple I'm writing about are my step-mother (Father passed away 3 years ago), my stepsister and myself. Mother, we call her Mo, is a ripe beautiful woman of 36 years with a 38-22-36 figure. Her daughter is 19, brunette, and a delicious 35-20-36. I am a 20-year-old college student and what you might call a typical American boy next door. We live in a large midwestern city, have a beautiful house, and mother heads a goodgoing business.

"It all started about 6 or 8 months after my Dad died, when Mo caught me in the act of masturbating, and looking at pictures of nude girls. You can't imagine how embarrassed and ashamed I was, but to my surprise there was no punishment but only understanding and even encouragement by Mo. After looking at the pictures she complimented me for my good taste, even told me not to interrupt the act, sat down beside me and continued with her hand what I started. She explained how almost everybody loves to do this sort of thing, how she did it with Pa before coitus and that I should not feel guilty. She even let me unbutton her blouse, remove her bra and caress her breasts. Since that moment there were no more secrets about sex and our feelings between Mo and me. We sleep together, when we feel like it, we practice fellatio and cunnilingus frequently.

"Since Sis joined us in these pleasures, which was a year ago, we all really enjoy sex to the

fullest, without shame or guilt feelings. Everybody is completely uninhibited in speech, gestures and acts. Sometimes while Mo watches TV in her chair, Sis and I have intercourse on the couch. We watch nudie movies together, and often sleep together in Mo's extra wide bed, trying out various positions.

"I just wanted to let you know how uninhibited we are. You see we have a barrel of fun among ourselves but also have outside dates. Whenever somebody brings a date home the others put up a respectable front.

"To avoid pregnancy Mo wears a ring but with Sis I use condoms during the middle cycle of her month. Mo and I also belong to a sexclub which meets once a month (Sis is too young to join, but will next year) which consists of 4 couples and 2 lesbians. If I see this article in your magazine, I'll take it for granted that you are interested in exploits, and I will then send you a story about a meeting of our club, the members and the goings-on.

Yours truly, R.S."

Of course, it could be said that this is technically not really "incest," in that our correspondent is having relations with his step-mother and stepsister, and doesn't inform us at all of the length of time he had known the two of them before his father passed away.

But, no matter what the situation in the past, the correspondent's present situation is certainly familial, to say the least. The three of them have made themselves in-

to a family group, and sex is one of their main activities. And the freedom that they experience with each other has carried over into outside group activity. Interestingly enough, "dates" brought into the home call for a "respectable front," yet the mother and son belong to a sex club which indulges in group activity. One question which arises is whether the correspondent's step-mother (and, perhaps, father) belonged to this club, or similar ones, before the at-home sexual activity involving stepson and daughter began. A question, however, which will have to remain unanswered.

Our next report involves incest between sister and brother. Dr. S. Kirson Weinberg (see above) points out that brother-sister incest tends to occur when parental domination is shaky. This observation would tend to be supported by the following letter:

"Until my husband, Jack (you understand of course that's not his real name) brought your magazine home a few weeks ago, I wasn't aware that there were many other people like us. I was very hesitant to write you because I thought that our experiences wouldn't be believed. But Jack convinced me that we should share our experiences with you.

"Let me start from the very beginning. My parents were very wealthy and traveled a great deal after Peter (my brother) and I were old enough to take care of
(Continued on page 20)

THE SIR! SEX SURVEY FOR 1971

ourselves. They would leave for 3 or 4 weeks at a time and a woman would come in daily to clean house and cook for us. At night there were just the two of us. I was fourteen at the time and Peter was a very handsome seventeen. We had always been close. For example, when we were younger we would sleep together and were not at all embarrassed to see each other in the nude.

"One night I was being very bitchy, as only a fourteen year old sister can be. Peter threatened to spank me if I didn't behave but of course not believing him, I didn't stop. The next thing I knew Peter was dragging me into the bedroom, put me over his knee, raised my skirt and lowered my panties. He spanked me with his hand until tears came to my eyes. This of course made him feel sorry for me and he began to stroke and pat my behind. He even bent down and kissed it softly.

"We lay on the bed in each other's arms as if it were the most natural thing in the world. By this time he (and I) were very aroused. He undressed me and himself and we made love for the first time. He was so sweet and gentle, it was wonderful.

"The next night he came into bed with me. Again it was wonderful. One night he was standing nude in my room and he asked me to kiss him down below. At first I resisted but then went down on my knees. Much to my surprise it was very pleasant.

"Until Peter went away to college we spent many exciting nights together. I felt very lonely after Peter left but not for long. I was quite a pretty girl and was developing nicely and was thrilled when George, the most popular boy at our high school, asked me out. After a movie, we parked (in his father's car) on a dark sideroad. After much petting, George wanted to go further but I wouldn't let him. He seemed so upset that I felt I had to do something. So I unzipped his pants and satisfied him orally. After that evening I had many dates, all ending in the same way.

"Then I met Jack in my senior year. It was, corny at it may seem, love at first sight. We double-dated on many occasions and on most nights we would park in a secluded spot. We were very open with each other and often watched while the other couple petted and necked. One evening I satisfied Jack orally and the other fellow asked me to do the same

for him. Jack said he didn't mind so I did it. Of course the other girl was dared into doing the same for Jack.

"At the end of the year Jack and I were married and moved into an apartment house where many of our young married friends lived.

"We would often get together, 6 to 8 couples, in one of the apartments, and sit and drink. Well, one night we were all pretty high and I guess I was higher than most. The conversation had gotten pretty risqué and the boys were saying how exciting strippers were. I said that I could strip as well as any of them. Before I knew it, I was dancing around the room with everyone clapping and whistling. I got down to my bra and bikini panties and fell into one of the boy's laps. Quick as a wink he removed my bra and another boy removed my panties. Jack was enjoying himself as much as the other boys. Even the other girls were excited and shouted encouragement. I dared the others to join me and in a few minutes there were twelve of us all nude.

"One of the boys then suggested they pick numbers and pair off. Everyone enthusiastically agreed. We all made love on the carpet, in the hall. Jack then suggested I show the boys my specialty. To much cheering, I did just that.

"Since then we have met regularly, twice a week, in our apartment. We pick numbers and pair off as before. The one thing that has been added is a weekly demonstration in which each couple tries to outdo the others in an unusual feat. To date no one has topped the performance I gave with five men simultaneously.

"I want to say that Jack and I are happily married and enjoy every minute of our sex lives.

"I should mention one other incident. One morning I had coffee with one of the girls who kept complimenting me on my figure. When she asked me if I would remove my robe, I couldn't see any reason not to. Before we knew it we were in each other's arms. Who knows—maybe for my next demonstration.

M K, Manitoba"

It is quite obvious from M K's report that, even though her incestuous involvement has ceased long ago, it had a

definite effect upon her later life. For one, it was an introduction to oral sex, which continues to play a major part in her sexual life. And, it might be said that the psychological factors which caused her to be so ready to have a prolonged sexual affair with her brother, and to take pleasure from it so readily, are also responsible for her plunging with such uninhibited abandon into group sex activities, both hetero and homosexual.

Our next report is from a man who has married into an incestuous arrangement involving his wife, her daughter (by a previous marriage) and their son-in-law. Partly because he, and not his wife is reporting, one gets an objective view of the relationship between mother and daughter—a relationship somewhat competitive in nature. Here is the letter:

In October I wrote to you regarding wife swapping. In my letter I told you I was befriended with an attractive and passionate widow of 44 and how we enjoy our foursome with her daughter and son-in-law. I signed the letter A S. I. Today I'd like to inform you about our relationship since.

"About 2½ years ago I married Rita (my ladyfriend, the mother). She had lived with the young couple, keeping house, since both are working. We bought a home with three bedrooms, removed the wall between two of them accommodating two double beds. The other bedroom contains one double bed. We decided to sleep together right from the beginning. Showing visitors our home, we have the second bedroom so as not to arouse suspicions.

"As I had pointed out in my first letter, we perform in front of each other, change partners frequently and have exciting threesomes and foursomes. The young couple is very passionate and they have intercourse every night. This is wonderfully stimulating to my wife and me and we have relations more frequently than we might have otherwise. On the other hand my wife was and still is an excellent teacher for her daughter. Today, Sue (the daughter) rivals her mother in every field of sex. Sometimes it took Sue a little bit longer to do certain things, but she always came around. Specially, when Sue was with one of us engaged in fellatio she declared, as much as she would like

Sir's Sex Survey is now going into its fourth year of publication. It was initiated due to the success of a survey on wife-swapping in our companion magazine **Mr. The Mr.** survey now in its twelfth year of publication has cooperated with the Institute for Sex Research founded by the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey in turning the letters it received on the wife-swapping survey over to that organization.

The present director of the Kinsey group wrote the editor of **Mr. The Mr.** The Institute for Sex Research appreciates the generosity of the Volitant Publishing Corporation in making available for scientific purposes material of definite research value.

As in the case of **Mr. Sir's** does not promote or advertise its sex survey. **Mr. Magazine** received no

significant increase in circulation due to the running of its wife-swapping survey nor has **Sir's Magazine** shown any upward sales trend since starting its survey. We did not anticipate one. However we do know that we have an excellent and inexpensive research tool for reaching people and collecting data about their sexual mores that is not readily available to research groups.

So far we have received many hundreds of questionnaires in the mail. Some of them were accompanied by detailed letters which we from time to time have published. Of course we do not pretend that our survey is in any way way definitive. Magazine and newspaper polls have many inherent defects. We have neither the time nor space to go

into poll evaluation at this point. However when research groups tell us our surveys do have scientific value, it is enough encouragement to go ahead.

Our letters and questionnaires are being turned over to one of the research institutes to further their scientific study.

Sir's attempts to be factual and objective. The letters we run may contain opinions that are not necessarily ours. But if they are the facts of life as seen by a particular respondent we run the letter.

The timid reader may sometimes be upset but anyone seeking off-color thrills will be equally disappointed. The reader who is seriously interested in the facts of life in our changing world will, we believe, be rewarded.

to, she could not overcome a certain physical inhibition. I discussed this with Rita. She advised: 'leave her alone. I know one day Sue will do it.' Rita was right. One day, while Rita was performing fellatio on Clarence, Sue, without saying a word, followed suit.

"Only in one department remained Sue refusing to perform. That is, lesbian activities. Despite the coaxing of her mother and us two men, she refused. She emphasizes it is not moral scruples. She fears, if she engages in lesbian acts, she might lose some of her desire for men. Six months ago, Sue found out she was wrong.

"It was on a weekend. The young people were away on a ski-outing. A couple, old friends of ours whom we had not seen for years, dropped into see our new home. When they saw our bedroom with two double beds, they wanted to know why. They did not accept our explanation that we are both restless sleepers and need a lot of room. They just laughed. They said: 'You four sleep together. You can tell us, we belong to a swapping club with 8 couples as members.' Rita and I broke down and confessed.

"After Maude and Dick (the name of our friends) told us in detail what they are doing at club meetings, we played our tape recordings illustrated by colored slides (2 1/4 x 2 1/4) blown up to 70x70, showing in every detail our versatile sex pleasures. Needless to say, stimulated by tales and pictures, we and our visitors went to bed in a hurry. Maude and Rita performed one of the most exciting lesbian acts. My wife said over and over again, how much she enjoyed and how long she'd missed it.

"We told our friends that Rita's daughter does anything in the line of sex except this, fearing she might lose her desire with men. Both Rita and Maude declared that just the opposite is true. Regardless how much they enjoy the caresses of a woman, regardless how many times they have orgasm with her, the ultimate pleasure and fulfillment is with a man. Our friends expressed the wish to meet with Rita's daughter and son-in-law. We told them we'd let them know, but we thought they would not object.

"We were right. When Sue and Clarence

came back, we told them what happened and that Maude and Dick would like to meet them in bed. As we thought, no objection. When my wife talked to Maude to make the arrangement for the coming weekend, Rita easily got Maude's consent to go with her through the whole gamut of lesbian activities, before the eyes of her daughter.

"Of course, the day started with Maude with Clarence and Sue with Dick. Both women showing without inhibition their skill and passion at the love game. My wife and I just watched. When that was over, Rita and Maude got ready for the lesbian act. Sue's eyes got bigger and bigger, as she watched. When Maude and Rita finally parted, but then threw themselves into Dick's and my arms, respectively, then Sue's last doubt faded. Maude suggested she take Sue with her for a few days and teach her the lesbian cult. She also suggested it would be best if Dick would, maybe, move in with us during these days. My wife was overwhelmed. Three men for her own use, three men all for herself. She was on cloud 9!

"Maude and Dick want us to join the club. We are reluctant. As much as those wild parties appeal to us, the fear that we might have to pair off with people who do not appeal to us is too great. At present we are four couples, (Dick and Maude introduced the nicest ones of the club to us), and Sue has become quite accomplished in lesbian love.

A.S.I."

In this last report, as in the first, we do not really have "Incest" in the technical sense of the word. Apparently, the mother and daughter do not have sex together, and the stepfather and daughter, even if they do have sexual relations together, are not blood-relations. The emphasis in this report seems to be upon the group activity in which everyone indulges, and not on a specific sexual relation between two related family-members.

There is, however, an unspoken affair going on in this report, that is, between mother and daughter. The frequent references in the letter to the daughter's "keeping up with" or "outdoing" the mother indicate that amid the "group" activity there is a repressed sexual desire between mother and daughter. The

emphasis upon lesbian activities in the latter part of the letter supports this contention. It may, in fact, be possible that mother and daughter have had relations together by this time.

Yet, the kind of incestuous activity described in this letter is, as in the other letter, quite closely linked with the entire group sex phenomenon, as if the group orientation rises out of incestuous longing, whether consummated or not. In the sex group resembling a family group, the individual perhaps has the freedom to satisfy cravings for whatever "family" member he or she wishes.

In any case, the interrelation between incest and group sex activity, though fairly evident in these reports, may not be very common at all. There are obviously instances of incest which do not lead to such uninhibited group activity. But, from the reports examined here, we do get some idea of how the two relate, and seeing them this way cannot help but raise questions in us as to the varying factors which affect the evolution of people's sexual values, and lives.

That concludes our report for this issue. Your contribution in the form of letters will be welcome. Comment on any phase of sex habits and customs of which you have personal knowledge is acceptable. Simply address your letters to **SIR's Sex Survey**, 21 West 26th Street, New York, New York 10010.

NOTE: For the record, and to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding, the editors of **SIR's Magazine** wish to state that publication of the foregoing letters does not in any way imply approval of the points of view expressed. Some, obviously, are in direct conflict with the existing moral standards of our country.

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has written, "If there is to be intelligence in coming to grips with the problems of sex, there must be the widest possible discussion of it and dissemination of views concerning it."

This is the stated function of the survey and any assumption that we sympathize with the points of view described is a complete misreading of our purpose. ■

THE NEW VIOLENCE ON FILM

■ Just as Bella Lugosi, an accomplished actor capable of undertaking any serious dramatic role, found fame and fortune as a screen vampire, and Boris Karloff, a gentlemanly thespian of vast resources, earned him immortality as Frankenstein's monster, Clint Eastwood, a quiet non-violent man, has based his steadily advancing career entirely on movie and video violence.

Clint is up to \$500,000 per picture now and he is rated No. 5 among male box-office draws. Only Paul Newman, John Wayne, Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman are ahead of him. His latest flick, the well-received "Kelly's Heroes," is as blood and gutsy as they come, and he doesn't knock it.

"Violence is part of the human animal," says Clint. "Every form of animal is crushing some other form of animal. I'd like to believe man is different, but history doesn't prove that.

"I hope mankind's general direction is toward peace, especially now that we have the means to blow ourselves away overnight. Perhaps atomic energy is a blessing in disguise. Maybe the awesomeness of it and the fear of annihilation it causes will keep mankind from pulling the plug on himself.

"In the meantime, we have to do what we can. In the entertainment field it's a very touchy problem. Because violence is so much a part of life, I don't see any chance of eliminating it from fiction.

"When I was a kid, we played war games, throwing catsup on each other to simulate blood. If a person grows up with the right set of values he quickly learns the difference between life and games. Then, violence in entertainment can be

harmless or even beneficial."

Clint was born in San Francisco and spent much of his boyhood in Oakland. His father, Clint Sr., was a securities salesman, and the family was almost constantly on the move. Other cities where the Eastwoods lived were Spokane, Sacramento, Pacific Palisades, Redding and Seattle. For Clint and his sister Jean this meant constantly making adjustments, new schools, new friends, new environments.

"I'd walk into a fresh school and find standards were different or that they were working on different phases of a subject," he recalls. "So although it wasn't that I wasn't bright, I was never out in front. I was always catching up. I was always running. That feeling sort of stuck to me and maybe it had something to do with making me a loner. Maybe it's also the reason why I like riding motorcycles fast."

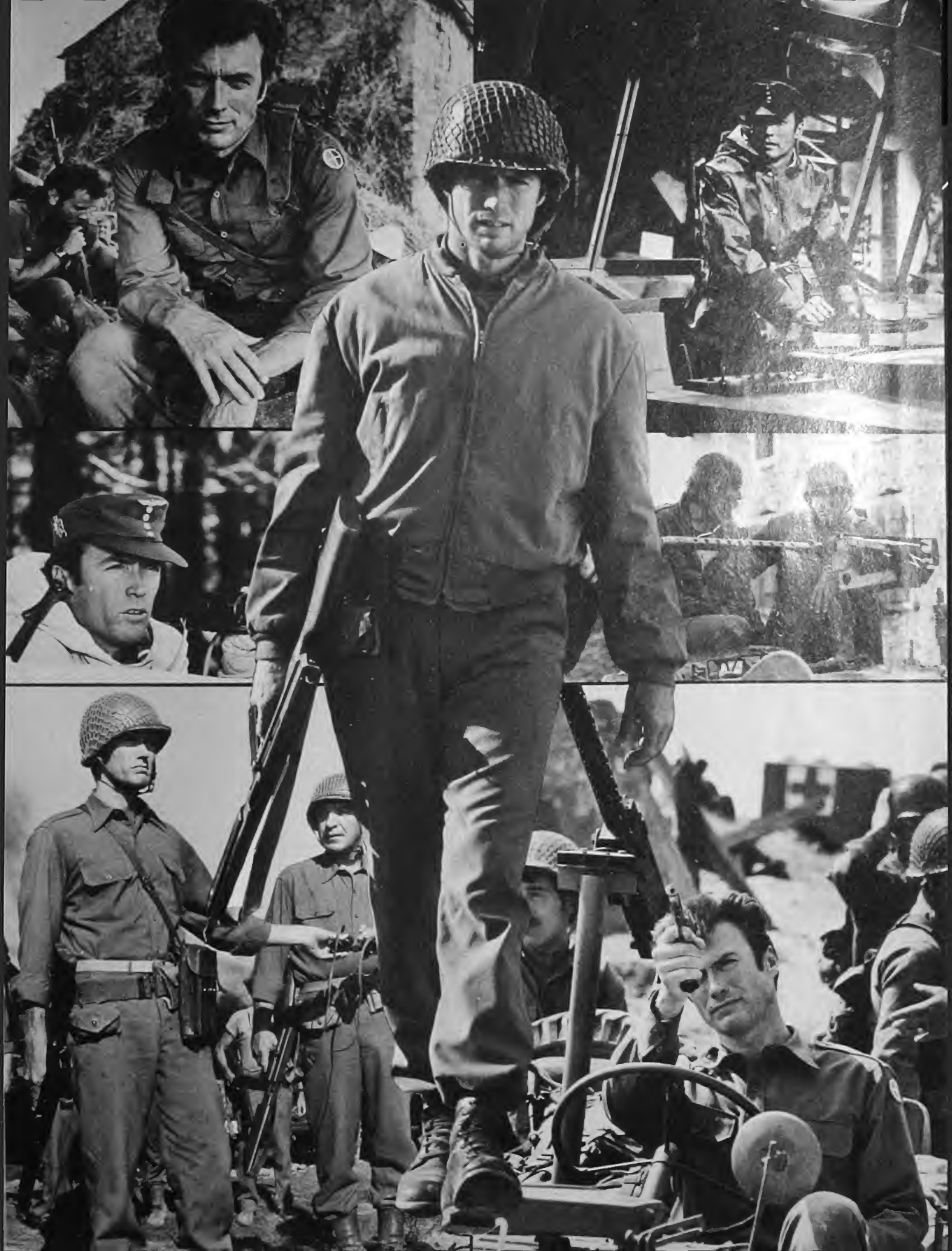
Like most boys, Clint was girl crazy, although his shyness made it difficult for him to ask for dates. He was an excellent swimmer and a good skier.

His first acting experience came at Piedmont Junior High in Oakland.

"I could have been an edgy, tongue-tied guy forever," he says, "if it hadn't been for my English teacher, Miss Jones. The big class project that year was a play about a rebellious kid who didn't want to be involved, who felt a little bitter because he had this sense of rejection.

"I guess Miss Jones wasn't a bad amateur psychologist in a way. She picked me to play the part of the rebel kid, the loner, and it was good casting but it terrified me. I didn't think it was possible to act, even in a school (*Continued on page 62*)

**CLINT EASTWOOD HAS BECOME
THE NUMBER FIVE MALE BOX OFFICE DRAW-
BY PLAYING THE EXACT OPPOSITE
OF HIS OWN QUIET,
NON-VIOLENT PERSONALITY**



"How was it Senator? ... off the record, of course."



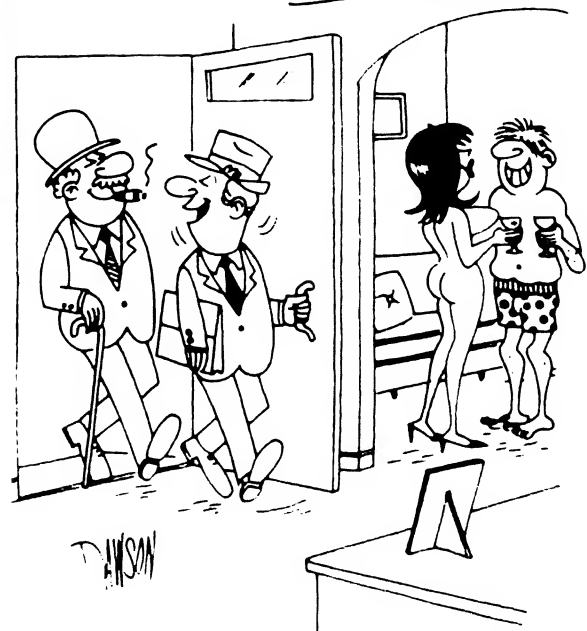
"I think I just might have an opening for you, Miss Hibbs. One of my girls is leaving me next week to get married ... my mistress."



"Times have certainly passed us up, Alfred."



**SIR!
PEEPS
AT
PRIVACY**



"You'll have to take 'pot luck,' Boss. The little woman isn't expecting us for supper."

"What's the matter, Buddy—you don't like eggs?"



"Say, Ed . . . what was that real funny crack you made about my wife last night?"



Paris Report

By YVETTE ALOUETTE

■ Talk about brain washing! Now there's even a special soap for people with dirty minds! And it's on the market in all those sex shops which have been springing up all over Paris, like mushrooms after the rain and which, like the soap, are really cleaning up.

What's so special about the soap—aside from the suds—is the art that's part of it. On the top side there's a dumpy, dowdy dame. The next layer down, there's another female figure. This one, though, is slightly slimmer, and moreover, she's wearing less.

And so it goes, with this strip-tease soap. And the more soap you use, the more you see. After six different peelings you reach the bottom, and the babe in the buff. After that, she sort of fades away, and you're left with nothing to hold in your hands but a bunch of bubbles.

Unless, of course, you want to buy more soap and start all over again. You can, too, for about fifty cents. And considering the cost of other peep shows, the bar—of soap, that is—is a bargain.

It's not only Paris that's had plenty of sex and sex shops. They've been opening all over. Amsterdam has had its share, along with its share of problems. It's there that a couple of characters have sued to close such enticing emporia, on the grounds that they're corrupting the morals of all who enter them.

In London, on the other hand, the first sex supermarket opened the other day, and it's already a sell-out. Things were so good, in fact, that the owners had to send for more merchandise, almost immediately. It came by plane from Paris, where the president of the company himself had gone to gather what was needed.

What was needed, mainly, were "the pills, creams and mechanical aids," according to one of the shop's directors—which gives you a good idea of the state of things in Britain today.

The place has been packed every day since it opened, and the crowds have been so big that people have been lining up outside

the shop, waiting to get in. At times, the owners have had to close the doors, letting people in in small batches.

It could only happen in London, though, of all the British Isles. Everywhere else, the English order whatever it is of this type that they need by mail. If they do buy them in person, it's in a shop that's pretty secret about it all. Erotica and essential equipment are kept behind partitions in a back room, while candies, cracker-jack and pop-corn are sold out front.

In lots of places, outside the big cities, sales of such sex stuff are technically banned. Sometimes shops are even raided. But they open up again, right away. No one really minds, as long as things are not too much out in the open.

It may not be the best painting in the world—but the one Jean Dewasne was commissioned to do for the French National Museum at Grenoble is certainly the biggest. The thing is about ten feet high and one hundred and fifty feet long, and if our arithmetic is correct, that's about fifteen hundred feet square. And it took a lot of paint to cover it—about 750 pounds of a special lacquer. Moreover, it took three assistants to help Dewasne slap it on the walls.

Dewasne's design is a sort of op art thing of swirls and scribbles. He's done it in nine colors, and it looks about the way a bowling ball must feel as it spins down the alley.

Dewasne is the first French artist to be asked to paint something for the long hall in the Grenoble Museum, where his A-1 work of art is installed. But he won't be the last. The director of the Museum plans to have a new one every year. As for the old ones—including Dewasne's—they belong to the artists, and will be sent out to be exhibited wherever there's enough wall space.

Painters don't get paid for their efforts, in Grenoble; the Museum buys the equipment they need, though, and there's a lot of that. They also pay the assistants, which seems to prove it's better to be an Indian than a chief.

But Dewasne isn't unhappy about his project. In fact, he thinks it's pretty great. "It's a work I wanted to do," he says. "It doesn't mean anything, and it isn't supposed to. But I like it."

After the big blast at the Oxford Playhouse, when the newest play of Samuel Beckett was put on—more or less—the producer of that masterpiece is at it again. This time, though, Francis Warner is showing his own stuff.

He's hoping it will hold up against the Beckett bit, which was called "Breath" and consisted of the cry of a new-born baby. The entire episode lasted all of thirty seconds, but was repeated a dozen times during the evening, in case anyone in the audience missed it.

Warner's play, on the other hand, is not one, but three—a trilogy. The first of them is called "Troat" and Warner says it means "the cry of a rutting buck." The second play is called "Emblems." Nothing strange or

(Continued on page 61)



As the bar gets thinner, the chick gets slimmer and nuder!

Chanteuse Jacqueline Nevert loves the Tuileries Gardens ▶





TOPS BETWEEN THE SHEETS

THE ONLY TIME MONA TALKED ABOUT HERSELF WAS WHEN HER MOUTH WAS FREE—AND I KEPT HER MOUTH BUSY AS HELL . . .

By NED BULLER

■ I was just in town between buses when she picked me up in that bar. I didn't know Main St. from an alley—or cars. All I wanted was a long cool beer to pass the time.

I wasn't even paying attention to the company, so I never noticed her sitting in the dark of the corner booth. She spotted me. She had a good eye for men and must have known right away that I was the one she was looking for.

Anyway she got up and came over to the bar and asked me for a match. When she did, she very deliberately put her knee against mine—and that woke me up.

She was about average size for a woman, but curved out and in a way that was a lot more than average. She could have been all of forty, but I'd bet there wasn't a young doll in town could come close to her for a sexy figure. She used plenty of makeup but she used it well. Even in sunlight the effect was good—let alone in the semi-dark of that bar. Her hair and eyes were black, a living, smoldering black. Her lips were full and her throat long and firm. Her eyes had that look that promised she'd be hotter than an old iron stove at baking time.

"Come over to the booth and buy me a drink," she said. This one sure wasn't wasting any time.

"Sure, honey," I said. "Sure. But I better warn you I'm just here between buses. Just passing through town."

"All right," she said and put her hand on mine. It was hot as if she had a fever. "All right, but why not make it a stay to remember? You could be just what this town's been needing."

So I fell for it. How do you think I could have stopped with a heat wave like that one coming at me full blast. What would YOU have done, friend?

In the booth she made a point of sitting beside me instead of across the table. Made a point? Made a curve of her warm body. Made a production of conversation—without-words. Inside of ten minutes I was going in circles. I'd have drunk beer out of her slipper if that'd been what she wanted. It wasn't. She knew exactly what she wanted—and by that time so did I, and I was willing and eager to see that she got it. All of it and then some.

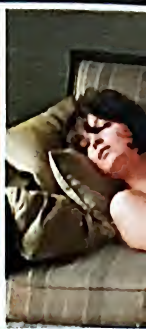
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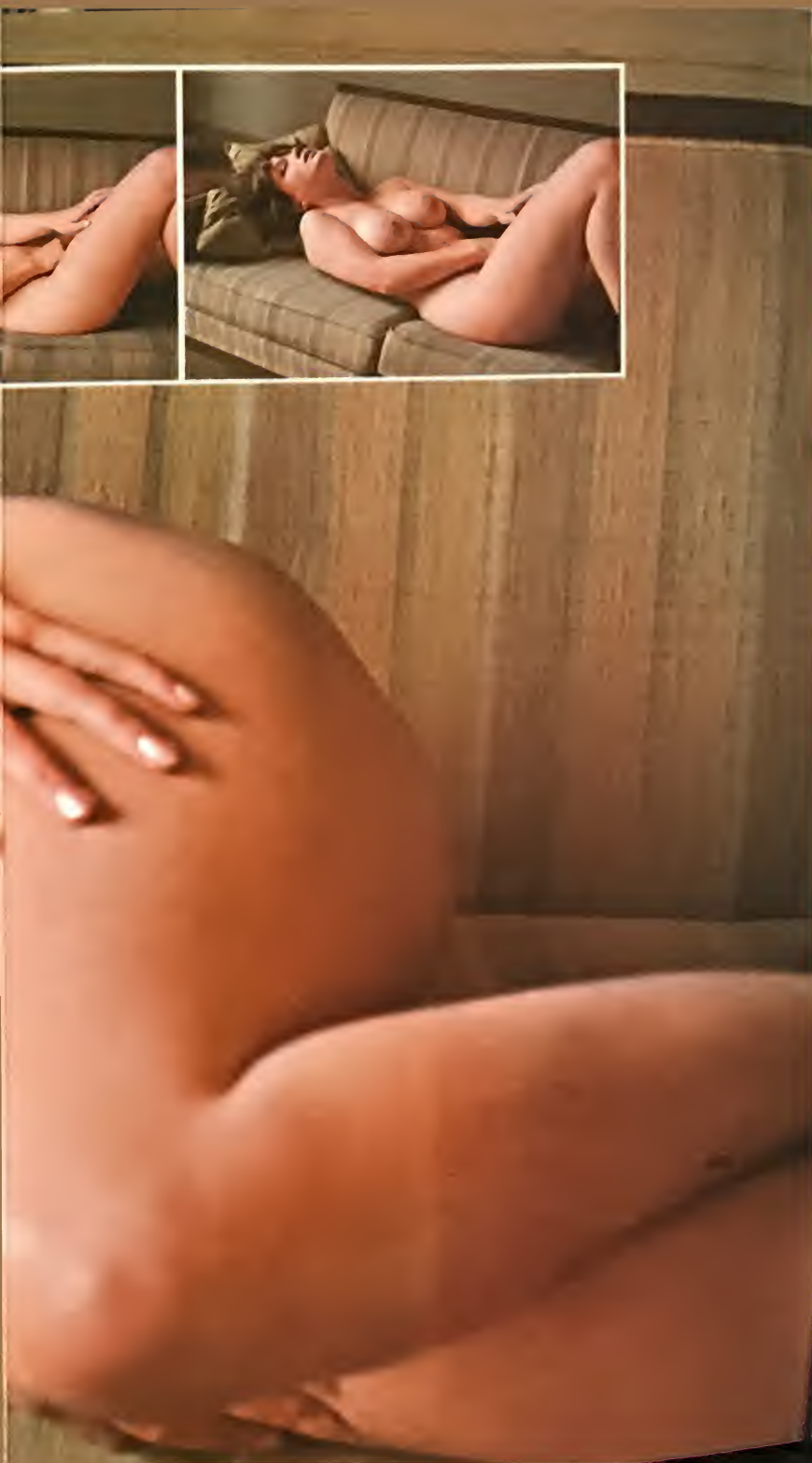




JANE

"My favorite pastime?" repeated Jane as I asked her about herself during the photo session. "I think reading the Sunday paper. No matter how much fun you've had the night before, there's something very cozy about curling up with a cup of coffee on the couch in front of a fire on a cold winter Sunday. I like to put on an old robe, make a big breakfast and leave the dishes in the sink and dive right into the paper, comics first. It's wonderful to share a paper and a couch."





JANE BEAUFORT





Sir! Jokes For Playtime

●Stepping off the bandstand at a psychedelic discotheque, the long-haired drummer approached a miniskirted chick and asked if she'd like to join him for a steak dinner. "No thanks, I'm a vegetarian," she confided. "Vegetables are the only thing I eat."

"Well, then, let's go back to my room," he offered. "I'm a humanitarian!"

●The cop's flashlight beam spotlighted the nude couple in the back seat. They looked up, frightened as the light danced along the sultry blonde's well-rounded body. Finally, the cop said "I'm next."

The girl relaxed and flashed a smile, but the boy continued to tremble nervously. "It's all right, son," he was reassured by the cop. "I'm not going to turn you in."

Oh, it's not that," the boy stammered. "It's just that I've never done it to a policeman before."

●"Anything else, sir?" asked the attentive bellhop, trying his best to make the lady and gentleman comfortable in their penthouse suite in the posh hotel.

"No, no thank you," replied the gentleman.

"Anything for your wife, then, sir?" the bellhop asked.

"Why, yes, young man," said the gentleman. "Would you bring me a postcard?"

●After numerous complaints from his neighbors, Jim agreed to have his tomcat Walter, "fixed."

A couple of weeks later, one of the neighbors asked about the cat. "Does he stay in at night now, eating, sleeping and gettin' fat?"

"No, he still goes out at night. But now he acts as a consultant."

●An old truck driver had retired at the age of 79 and soon married a sensuous young thing with whom he could while away his retirement. He declared to his doctor that he wanted to have a son as soon as he could. The doctor, considering the situation, said, "Si, if you want a child, I think the first thing you ought to do is find a young boarder to move in with your wife." Two months later, the doctor ran into Si and asked how things were going. "Well, you were right!" Si remarked. "I found a boarder and my wife was pregnant a month later." As the doctor smiled knowingly to himself, Si added, "and so is the boarder!"

●A man invited his boss home for dinner. A scraggly-haired, buck-toothed, flat chested woman let them in the door.

Is that your wife?" the stunned employer asked.
Would I hire a maid that ugly?"

What's your favorite joke or gag? Send it to PLAYTIME JOKES EDITOR, SIRI, 21 West 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010. We will pay \$5 for any joke or gag used. In case of duplicates, the first one received will be the winner. Jokes and gags cannot be returned.







LIVING ART

You say that you have a wedding anniversary or a birthday coming up and you don't know what to get for a present? You want something a little out of the ordinary? A little, shall we say, *avant garde*? Even a little *risque*? Well, may we suggest these lovely young ladies who come complete with decoration? These attractive girls are not merely tattooed, you understand, but *hand painted*, in many colored and brilliant shades, any one of which will make an exciting addition to the decor of your home! This is living art, ladies and gentlemen—something that you'll be proud to hand down to your children. They require very little care. Three meals a day containing large amounts of filet mignon and fine wine will usually keep them healthy. And do be careful not to keep them in a draft or too near the radiator when they are not in use! A light dusting (being careful not to tickle) and a swipe with a damp cloth once or twice a week is usually enough to keep the colors clear and bright for years to come. In the accompanying illustrations, you see the careful, skilled craftsmen applying those colors into crafty unique and unusual designs. No two are alike, now, I want that understood. So be the first in your set to own one of these fine pieces. Let your friends comment that you are, indeed, a friend of the arts.



Dear Sir!

BARBIE DAHL

Dear SIR!

This is to let you know that by far the best looking girl that you have had in a long time is Barbie Dahl. The reason that she is so much better than the other ones whom you have is because she has a pretty and cute face. After all, when you look at body after body, they sort of begin to look alike, but when they have a pretty face, they are more interesting.

D.Z., Utah

SEX SURVEY

Dear SIR!

I wanted to write you people and tell you how interesting my wife and I find your sex survey. It is not only interesting, but informative as well, as it offers a glimpse into people's lives—both sexually and generally. While my wife and I believe in sexual liberation, I must add that I feel that the lengths to which some of these people go and the games and masquerades that they play is a sad commentary on our mentality, indeed. That people are so twisted that they feel that they must take one of man's most direct expressions of himself and mess around with it is too bad.

One can not fault your reporting however, both your introductions and commentaries are clear and to the point and most of your correspondents seem to go out of their way to explain themselves with as little emotion as possible to cloud the issue.

Dr. M.G., New York

MONIKA

Dear Sir!

There is only one way to describe Monika Marell in your December issue: grotesque!

R.S., Minnesota

Dear SIR!:

Just how does one go about getting a job modelling for your magazine? I mean, if Monika Marell in your December issue could make it, maybe my 63-year-old mother-in-law could start earning her keep, too.

J.V., Nevada

Dear SIR!:

I made the mistake of picking up your December issue on the way home from the plant and sitting down to glance through it before dinner. I turned to page 7 and saw Monika Marell. I couldn't eat my dinner. My wife was furious. Could we avoid scenes like this in the future, please?

P. O'R., Massachusetts

ON THE OTHER HAND . . .

Dear SIR!:

I must tell you that Martina (January) is the best looking, most delightful chick that I've seen in ages. I really don't know what to say about her except that she is beautiful. Will you have her in your magazines again soon, please?

J. B., Virginia

Dear J.B., and others who have favorite girls:

We're planning on showing some all-time favorite girls again, hopefully in the near future.

The Editors

INCRIMINATING STOCKING

Dear SIR!:

I really liked Mr. von Reese's "Incriminating Stocking" in your January issue. It was a tight, well-written, fast moving piece of fiction. It's really scary what a jealous woman will do, isn't it? Unpredictable as any wild jungle beast, and more irrational. Must be some strong sense of insecurity that makes them act as nutty as they do, that's all I have to say!

D.W., California

ALL'S FAIR, THEY SAY

Dear SIR!:

Ray Tenebruso's story in the December issue of SIR! was really good. It was long and developed a real plot and real characters instead of just chance happenings and one dimensional people that are usually the fare in shorter stories. You really began to care what happened to the people in the story. It was very good. Have more like it.

J. M., Washington

RAUNCHY

Dear SIR!:

Wow—Sheri Tyler in the December issue of SIR! is about the raunchiest chick that I've come across in a long time. In the opening picture, she looks like she's in utter agony! And the last picture—my lord! Who on your staff ever thought that a picture of a girl in a girdle and padded wire bra is sexy? The last time I was interested in a girl who wore a girdle was about ten years ago.

C'mon SIR!, let's get with the times!

A.L., APO San Francisco 96602

CHOP

Dear SIR!:

December's "An Ax of Mercy" was a good story. It was right scary, I'll say that much. I read it Friday night and then went out very early Saturday morning when it was still dark out to go hunting. I can watch all the horror movies on television and still sleep like a baby, but I will admit that I was a little spooky as I prowled through the woods that next morning. I guess it's because any guy is scared of the thought of losing his "family jewels."

J.B., North Carolina

ENGLISH

Dear SIR!:

Donna Ambrose in the January issue of your fine magazine is quite attractive. I couldn't help but notice that the background of the pictures in which she appeared looked quite English. As a matter of fact, they reminded me of the area in which I used to live. And Miss Ambrose herself has a British cast to her features. Is she by chance English, and were the photographs taken there?

D.R., Texas

Dear D.R.,

As a matter of fact, Donna is from New Jersey and the photographs were taken in Westchester County, New York.



MOVIES LIKE "CASTLE
KEEP" SHOW HARLOTS TODAY
IN A GRAPHIC LIGHT
UNIMAGINABLE IN THE DAYS
OF "SEXY" JEAN HARLOW

By ALFRED K. ALLAN

MOVIE PROSTITUTES FROM THEBA TO BARBRA

■ The recent "horse opera" spoof *Support Your Local Sheriff* includes several scenes set in a fancily decorated, frontier town "cathouse" where bosomy, unclad prosties are openly plying their trade.

Commented *Variety*, the show business "bible":

"In the old-time westerns the 'house of ill repute' was usually chastely named or only the subtlest of hints given that it even existed. But in *Support Your Local Sheriff* it's called Madame Orr's House and local gentry do *not* refer to it as a 'dance hall.' It is what it is, and no bones made about it. The ladies are obviously professional and businesslike to their fingertips and everybody in the town likes it that way."

THEDA BARA



a naive young stockbroker, driving him to financial ruin and public disgrace for the love of her. It was all quite daring in that "age of innocence," enabling moviegoers, as film historian William K. Everson puts it, "to watch some lavish helpings of forbidden fruit for an hour or so, and talk themselves into believing they had learned a moral lesson."

Looking at *Fool* today we can laugh at its exaggerated acting, primitive photography, and "campy" dialogue that included the now classic line "Kiss me, my fool!" Still it did depart from the more sweetly romantic film fables of the period and as such opened the screen to more daring forays into human sexuality.

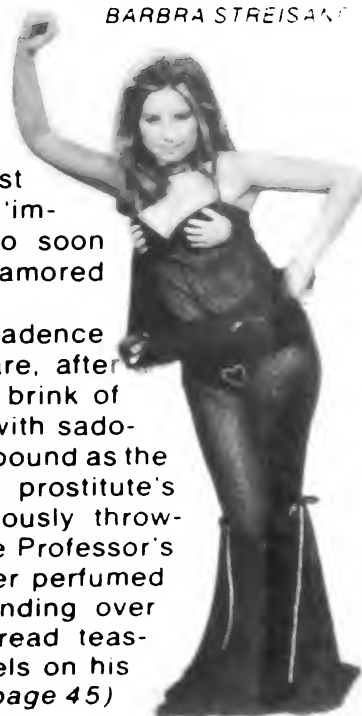
Films with similar themes followed, bearing such provocative titles as *Eternal Sin*, *The Forbidden Path*, and *She-Devil* and featuring such Theda Bara-like "bad girls" as Louise Glaum, Nita Naldi and Valeska Suratt.

Then in January, 1931 screen prostitution took a more perverse turn with the importation to American shores of a sizzling German talkie, *The Blue Angel*. Directed by Josef von Sternberg, a master of early screen erotica, it starred a spectacular German beauty, Marlene Dietrich, as Lola-Lola, a Berlin cabaret "singer" who enslaves men with her body. "Lolling back cross-legged in out-away skirt with black suspenders stretched tightly against her pale thighs, or dangling libidiously loose," describes writer Alexander Walker, "Dietrich is sex incarnate. But unlike the earlier screen vamps who went out and destroyed men, Dietrich's prostitute watches impassively as the men destroy themselves for want of her."

Co-starred in the film was the great German actor Emil Jannings as Professor Rath, an aging schoolteacher, whose puritanical nature is first scandalized by Lola's "immoral" behavior but who soon finds himself lustfully enamored of the brazen tart.

A darkly moody decadence pervades the film. (We are, after all, in a Germany on the brink of Naziism.) Scenes heavy with sado-masochistic implication abound as the professor becomes the prostitute's "slave"—Lola contemptuously throwing her lace panties in the Professor's face, dousing him with her perfumed face powder, or just standing over him, her gamey legs spread teasingly apart, as Rath grovels on his knees (Continued on page 45)

BARBRA STREISAND



Screen depiction of prostitutes is indeed keeping pace with the new movie freedom. Where once they could only be referred to on screen in polite euphemisms like "fallen women" or "ladies of the evening" they are now frankly tagged as "hookers," "sluts," "whores"—what have you! Gone too is the old filmic law requiring all movie "bad girls" to suffer grievously for their sins. (In another recent western, *The Death of a Gunfighter*, the prostie actually *marries* the hero, and nobody bats an eye.)

To fully appreciate how "revolutionary" these changes are let's recall the varied ways Hollywood treated "the oldest profession" in years past.

The first prostitutes of any significance appeared on screen in the early 1900's, only then they were called *vamps*. As the name implied, they used their sexual prowess like a vampire, sapping the strength and vitality of their male victims to the point of destruction. More colorful and interesting than the virginal, golden-haired heroines of these early silent flickers, they were the first to make sex on screen tantalizingly appealing.

The most popular vamp was unquestionably Theda Bara. "Carried to prodigious success on a powerful wave of publicity," says Lewis Jacobs in his book *The Rise of the American Film*, "Miss Bara became, in the minds of millions, the 'fascinating and unfathomable, whose passion is touched with death.' Her staring, sensual face, with its exotic, heavy-lidded eyes, was described as 'The wickedest face in the world'—dark-brooding, beautiful and heartless. She brought to the screen a voluptuousness not there before, presaging the woman of the world, soon to dominate the screen, who frankly admits her desire for and her right to love and luxury."

Theda starred in the first and most famous vamp extravaganzas, the 1914 *A Fool There Was*. Enticingly clad in bizarre costumes decorated with spider webs and bat wings, she "Vamped"



In panel at left, scenes from "The Owl And The Pussycat," a new film featuring super-star Barbra Streisand in the role of a sympathetic prostitute. Such an interpretation would, before the '60s, have been forbidden. At right (from top to bottom) are, first, Rita Hayworth entertaining GI's in "Miss Sadie Thompson." While Rita played a "prostitute" in this one, it was mostly by implication. Next, blonde Jean Harlow warms up Clark Gable in the movie "Red Dust." Below that, Jimmy Stewart meets the "girls" in the recent film "The Cheyenne Social Club." This movie pulls no punches in making clear what profession the ladies are following. At bottom, the girls at The Red Queen brothel greet GI's on leave in "Castle Keep," a new movie with a World War I setting. The country is Belgium, the girls "imported from Paris," and later scenes bare all as the girls cavort about the place with the eager young soldiers, filling up beds and couches with lovemaking couples.



obediently rolling up her stockings. In the end, he is driven insane by these humiliations, a realistically fitting conclusion to one of the screen's most incisive studies of pathological sexual urges.

The *Blue Angel* made Dietrich and director von Sternberg famous. Brought to Hollywood, they collaborated on such films as *Blonde Venus*, *The Devil Is A Woman* and *Shanghai Express*, with Dietrich playing more refined but no less provocative variations of Lola. Her famous line in *Shanghai Express*: "It took more than one man to change my name to Shanghai Lily" setting the worldly, sexually taunting tone that became the Dietrich trademark.

The Thirties however also saw a toning down of the "bad girl" image on the screen. Private "morality" groups were pressuring the Hollywood studios to "clean-up" filmic sin and to appease them the studio bigwigs devised a "code of motion picture standards"—actually a subtle form of censorship.

The Code bore down especially hard on screen depictions of prostitution declaring unequivocally that, "The methods and techniques of prostitution and white slavery shall never be presented in detail, nor shall the subjects be presented unless shown in contrast to right standards of behavior. Brothels in any clear identification as such may not be shown."

In her famous book *Hollywood: The Dream Factory*, anthropologist Hortense Powdermaker describes the results of these restrictions:

"No prostitute as such was shown in a movie. If a script called for a prostitute they were changed to dancing girls, barmaids or hostesses. In a movie set in the early days of a Western frontier town filled with gun toters and whiskey drinkers, the town's rough spot, a combined saloon and house of prostitution, was changed to a boarding house and the prostitutes to dancing girls. It was taken for granted by most movie-goers over the age of twelve that dancing girls and hostesses in saloons and cafes were prostitutes but the Production Code was successful in maintaining the appearance of virtue."

From this evolved the movie "bad girl, with a heart of gold." "She still had a roving eye, but now it was a curiously unbusiness-like one," describes Alexander Walker. "Selling her body for money was now more a sentimental than a commercial transaction."

The most popular early screen interpreter of these "goodhearted whores" was Jean Harlow. Tramps, B-girls, kept women and ladies with vaguely shady pasts were this stunning platinum blonde's forte. Outwardly tough, she also conveyed an inner wistfulness that endeared her to audiences.

Harlow circumvented the Code restrictions by "suggesting" the wantonness of her characters in the clothes she wore—usually sleekly tight, bare-shouldered affairs that emphasized her heaving breasts and lack of undergarments—and in clever double-entendre dialogue.

Like her flashy entrance scene in *Red Dust*. She alights from the rickety boat that's taken her deep into the jungle to

the rubber plantation setting of the story. A native comments on the steamingly hot climate, telling her that she will probably have difficulty sleeping. Her reply is an insinuating, "Guess I'm not used to sleeping nights anyway."

Or the scene in *Dinner At Eight*, George Cukor's stinging dissection of upper-class snobbery, in which she says to Marie Dressler: "I just read a book that says machinery is going to take the place of every profession." Miss Dressler, playing an Ethel Barrymore-like grand dame of the stage, replies wittily, "My dear, that's something you need never worry about."

In the Forties, the Harlow mantle of sexual abandon was passed to a flame-haired, former Spanish dancer, born Margarita Carmen Cansino, but rechristened by the Hollywood sex symbol makers as Rita Hayworth.

Rita's exotic, animalistic sexuality reached something of a zenith in Charles Vidor's smoldering sex melodrama *Gilda* (1946). Rita played the title character, a "woman with a past" who marries the ruthless owner of a South American house of sin.

The two scenes beautifully establish Gilda's uncontrolled sexual cravings—the first a lingering shot of her sitting spread-legged across a bed, a look of anxious ecstasy on her face as she awaits her next lover, and the second a nightclub sequence, Gilda performing a barbaric strip-tease, her exuberant body writhing madly in her black satin dress, the hands of the male patrons reaching out to "take her."

At the film's end, we learn that Gilda's licentiousness was all a pretense. She was actually working undercover for the police to expose her husband's crooked operations. This was a typical device used by the screenwriters of the day to enable them to put plenty of sexual excitement into their scripts (which was what moviegoers wanted to see) while also adhering to the code restrictions against showing prostitutes in a favorable light.

The Hayworth brand eroticism continued into the Fifties with *Miss Sadie Thompson*. Somerset Maugham's famous short story of the happy-go-lucky prostitute who is raped by a lustful minister had to be watered down quite a bit for the censored screen. The minister was changed to a private citizen (so as not to offend organized religion) and Sadie herself became, as Michael Milner points out in his book *Sex On Celluloid*: "Just a fun-loving gal entertaining the servicemen in the South Seas. Early in the proceedings, after a torrid dance routine, Rita dabs at the sweat between her firmly erect breasts and goes back to her seedy hotel room with four G.I.'s. They have a friendly beer, while Miss Hayworth lays prone on the bed, her dress raised, exposing her thighs. Does she get down to business? No. She sings the boys a song." The moviegoer's imagination had to take it from there.

This inhibited view of prostitution continued on screen until the Sixties when the public, grown more sophisticated and tired of the old clichés, demanded more openness in the movies.

Filmmakers, realizing that this could

mean hefty new returns at the boxoffice, responded by becoming more daring in their choice of subject matter.

It began with a film version of John O'Hara's once shocking novel, *Butterfield 8*. Originally published in 1935, it had, up until then, been "unfilmable," its high-priced, luxury-loving call-girl heroine, Gloria Wandrous, considered too brazenly promiscuous for the screen.

Producer Pandro S. Berman and writer Charles Schnee decided to tackle it. They cast heavy-bosomed sex goddesses Liz Taylor as Gloria and debonair Laurence Harvey as the married man who takes Gloria as his mistress. Then they fashioned a script that updated the novel's depression-era setting and retained much of the book's frank sexiness.

But when they submitted the script to the Production Code office for a "seal of approval" (then a must if a film was to play a major theatre circuit) they were rebuffed handily. "We have the feeling that the characters in this story are preoccupied almost exclusively with sex," said the Code's director Godfrey Shurlock. "They appear to talk about nothing but fornication and are shown indulging in sex on numerous occasions."

So the script was overhauled. Gloria's sexual predilections were more hinted at than shown and a phony "moral" ending was tacked on that had Gloria die in a messy car crash, as "punishment for her sins." The film then received a seal.

But these compromises aside, *Butterfield 8* did represent some advances in screen permissiveness. Once taboo terms like "slut," "brothel" and "lechery" were tossed about freely. Conversational patter was also quite outspoken like Gloria saying to her lover (just before they pop into bed together) "We have to think" and his ardent reply, "With you who has to think." Or a later scene aboard a boat, Gloria saying to the guy, "You can-uh-drop anchor anytime" as they prepare for some torrid love-making.

But the most sensational element in *Butterfield 8* was Liz Taylor herself. Her full body wrapped loosely in a bedsheet, her dark hair hanging down in unruly undress, she generated intense sexuality while also commanding our sympathy and understanding as one driven by impulses she can't control. (The film was a huge boxoffice success and earned for Miss Taylor a Best Actress Academy Award.)

Never On Sunday, released that same year, made no compromises in telling its lustily comic tale of a Greek "joy girl" Ilya Darling, who is happy in her work, only "puts out" for men she likes (and who like her), charges them only what they are willing to pay and never does "business" on Sunday. (Statuesque Greek actress Melina Mercouri was appealingly "natural" in the role.)

To this Greek fishing village comes Homer Thrace, a stuffy, sexually repressed American tourist (played by Jules Dassin, who also wrote, produced and directed the film). He falls in love with darling Ilya and sets about "reforming" the free-thinking trollop.

He gives her heady books on philosophy, art and literature to read, filling her mind with "profound" thoughts.

(Continued on page 63)

WET-NURSING A FEMALE LUSH

THERE WAS, I TOLD MY SISTER, NO WAY THAT I WAS GOING TO DRIVE A SEMI-ALCOHOLIC, SEMI-NYPHOMANIACAL FEMALE ACROSS THE COUNTRY. BUT THEN MY SISTER OFFERED A UNIQUE BRIBE.

By JAIME SANDAVAL

■ My sister Bonnie thrust a drink into my hand as she opened the door of her apartment to me. "I'm just putting the twins to bed," she said. "Go into the sitting room." She darted into a bedroom from which vigorous pre-teen feminine yells were erupting. There was the sound of two sharp slaps followed by twin anguished wails. Then there was silence. My sister Bonnie fancies herself as a disciplinarian.

I walked through the dining room into the sitting room of Bonnie's comfortably furnished apartment where I was surprised to find Mavis and Annette, two of Bonnie's married girl friends, perched on the chaise longue, glasses in hand. "Hi, girls," I said casually, dropping down into an easy chair. "What's the occasion for the gathering?"

"You look handsome in your uniform," Mavis said.

"Last time you'll see me in it," I said, stretching out my legs expansively and taking a swallow from my glass. "By this time tomorrow I'll be processed out and flying up to a fishing shack in the boonies in Canada. I'm not planning on seeing a soul for a month, except that after I recharge my batteries a little I'm going to hunt me up an Indian squaw and bang her every hour on her hour until I've made up for all the nooky I missed out on while I was in Nam."

"An Indian squaw!" Annette said, wrinkling her pert nose in distaste.

"Unless one of you girls would like to come along."

"No thanks," they chorused.

"I have all I can do to handle my resident sex maniac," Mavis added.

"Where's Doreen?" I inquired.

Doreen was the missing member of the inseparable female foursome I'd been used to seeing around our house ever since I could crawl. All were about five years older than me. My father was a university professor, and during Bonnie's college days—which corresponded to my high school days—our house was as full of her college girl friends as a sorority. Mavis, Annette, Doreen and Bonnie, though, had kept in close touch afterward.

"Doreen's due home from the hospital tomorrow with her new baby," Annette explained.

"Her second?" I hazarded.

"Fourth," Mavis said.

I shook my head. "You oversexed females are among the worst offenders in the population explosion. How many do the rest of you have?"

"Three each," Annette answered. "Including Bonnie."

"And knowing how competitive you always were in everything, I suppose there'll be three additional accouchements around the holidays so you can catch up to Doreen?"

"I'll never make the holidays," Annette said. She patted her stomach, then giggled. "I'm pregnant now."

"I think I've finally figured out why none of you has ever been divorced," I said.

"Yes? Why?" Mavis wanted to know.

"Because none of you could stand being without (Continued on page 48)



RD

sex that long while you hunted up another husband."

"Now that's a fine thing to say!" Mavis said indignantly.

"But how true!" Annette said with another giggle.

Mavis leaned forward on the chaise longue. "I want to ask you something," she said to me. "How could men like you become so dehumanized in Viet Nam as to permit something like My Lai?"

"Now wait a minute!" I straightened up in my chair. "Exactly what the hell do you baby-machines know about Viet Nam? If you'd had to put up with what those guys had to put up with, you'd probably have wound up burning those gooks at the stake! You goddam people make me sick and tired, taking a position on something you know nothing about! If you'd been there—"

"Here! Here!" Bonnie interrupted me as she walked into the room. "No war talk, and no politics. That's the ground rules around here." She seated herself on the chaise longue between Mavis and Annette. Even as I glowered at that pair I had to acknowledge that the lineup of two brunettes and a blonde—Bonnie—made an attractive picture since none of the girls had let herself go. The chaise longue was low enough so that as I sat facing them I was treated to a panorama of glossy-stockinged thighs.

I couldn't really stay mad at them, either; I'd known them too long. In one way you could say I'd learned about girls from them. Literally. One hot summer night when Bonnie was in the hospital having her tonsils out, and Mavis, Annette, and Doreen were sleeping in Bonnie's

bedroom at our house, I'd stuck my head in the door and hollered "Fire!" They all dashed out into the hallway stark except that Doreen was wearing a napkin.

The three females on the chaise longue sipped at their drinks and regarded me owlishly. I began to feel uneasy; something was in the wind. Bonnie had invited me over for a pre-vacation drink, and I hadn't even expected to see the others. Their intent regard of me warned me that all was not well. "What's up?" I asked. "I seem to remember asking before the occasion for this gathering?"

"We want—we hope that you'll do a favor for a friend of ours," Bonnie spoke for the group.

"No," I said. "For twelve months I've been doing a favor for a lot of friends of yours. Now I'm going fishing."

"You could postpone it three or four days," Mavis coaxed.

"No way," I said firmly.

"You don't even know what it is," Annette pointed out.

"I don't want to know. All I want to know right now is that I'll be on that morning plane."

"You could—"

"No."

"—at least listen to what we had to say," Bonnie pleaded.

"You're not going to change my mind," I warned. "And why pick on me?"

"Because you're the only person we know we'd trust to do it," Mavis said.

"And exactly what is it that I'm to be so trusted about?"

"Do you remember Marian Talbert?" Bonnie asked. "She spent a lot of time at our house."

"She was in our sorority," Annette said.

"There were a hundred of you in the sorority who spent a lot of time at our house," I said. "What's special about this Talbert woman?"

"She just had an unhappy love affair," Mavis said. "And she's all to pieces over it. She quit her job, even. And she's just sitting around—"

"She should go home and visit her aunt—her folks are dead—but we can't talk her into it," Annette cut in.

"She should go home until she pulls herself together," Bonnie chimed in.

"If there's one thing I don't need, it's an all-to-pieces female on my hands," I said. "Nothing doing. It sounds like a job for a psychiatrist, anyway."

The girls exchanged glances. "Marian's a psychiatrist," Bonnie said finally.

"She's a psychiatrist? Oh, man, that's great! She's a psychiatrist, but she can't diagnose and prescribe for herself. It figures, though. The psychiatrist on the base at Chu Lai had more problems than seventy-five percent of the men."

"Nobody can diagnose and prescribe for herself," Bonnie said defensively. "And Marian always had problems. That's why she went into psychiatry, to see if she could help others as well as herself."

"What kind of problems?"

"Well—" Bonnie hesitated.

"For one thing, she had a brute of a father who was still spanking her when she was a freshman in college," Annette said sharply. "Immediately I had a vivid mental image of a female college freshman getting her bare behind whaled. And ever since Marian tends to—to overcompensate toward forceful men. Like this doctor at the hospital where she was working. He was married, and—"

"Say no more," I said wearily. "I get the picture."

"You could drive her home in three days, and then her aunt could take over," Mavis said.

"Drive her home where?"

"Denver," Bonnie said.

"Twelve hundred miles! Forget it! F-O-R-G-E-T it! Why don't you just put her on a plane and have the aunt meet it?"

The girls exchanged another look. "She might not stay on the plane," Annette admitted. "There's—Marian—she is—"

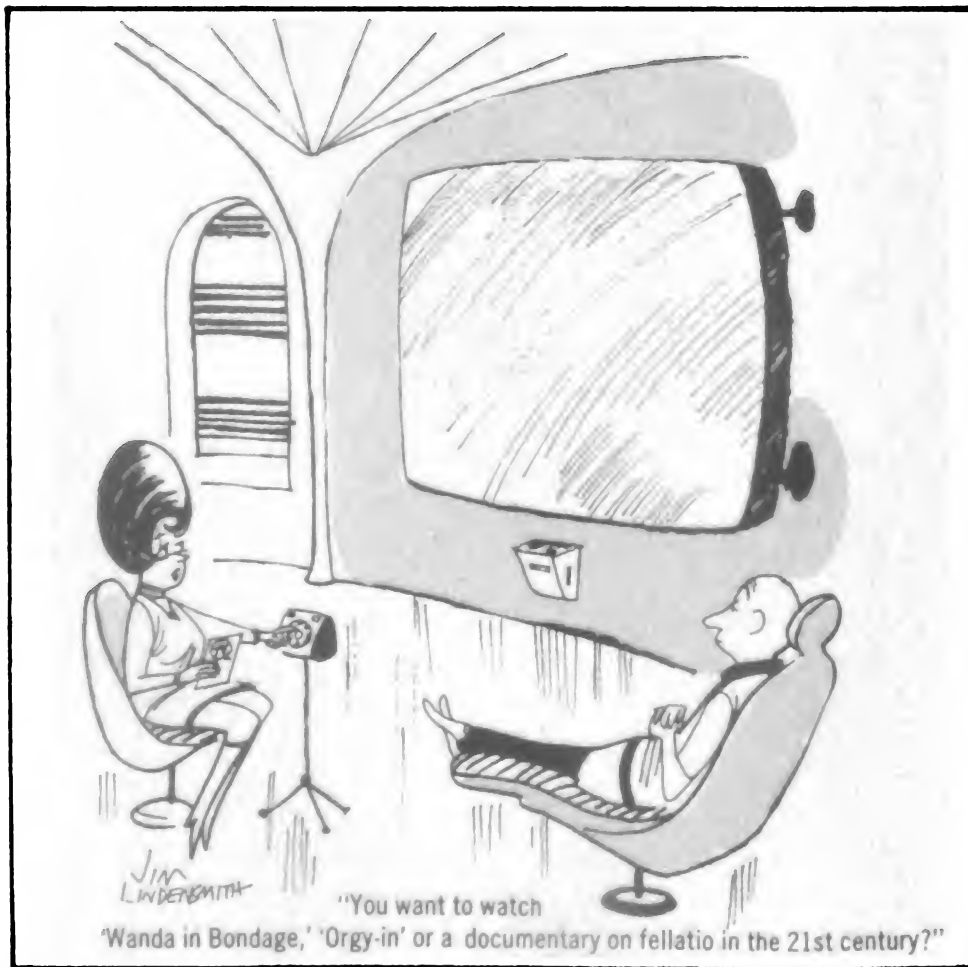
"She has a drinking problem, too," Mavis said bluntly.

"A female lush!" I bounded to my feet. "Goodnight, ladies."

They sprang from the chaise longue en masse and grappled with me. By sheer weight they forced me back into my chair. "Get him another drink, Bonnie," Annette ordered. She sat on the arm of my chair with her not inconsiderable weight draped on my right shoulder. Bonnie appeared with another drink so quickly it was obvious she'd already had it prepared. She thrust it into my hand.

"Listen, why don't you women cut it out?" I asked. "I'm not about to get involved, and that's that." I drained half my drink. "Not with a lush."

"She's a sweet, highly intelligent girl!" Mavis flared. "It's just that she's—she has this—this—"



"This problem of being a drunk and a pushover," I finished for her.

"You could control her drinking," Annette countered. "What would it take for us to convince you to do this?"

"I wouldn't do it if you all laid down on the floor here and told me to climb aboard. Does that answer your question?"

"Even Bonnie?" Mavis giggled.

"A little good clean incest never hurt any family."

"We'll do better than that for you, anyway," Annette said. Her tone was matter-of-fact. "We'll each get you a girl. A young, juicy—"

"No!" I howled.

"From the sorority," Mavis added. "Undergraduates. Doreen is in this with us, too. So four girls. Four!"

"No!" I paused. "Willing girls?"

"We'll hold them down for you if necessary," Mavis promised. "We'll put it in writing."

"No," I said again, but weakly. I knew these females, and I knew they meant it. Four girls—

"We'll put it in writing and we'll get it notarized," Annette said.

Bonnie had remained silent during this drumbeat attack upon my reluctance. "You could put all your gear in Marian's car, drive her to Denver, and then fly to your fishing camp from there," she said.

"No," I said once more, but I think everyone in the room knew my position had been eroded.

"We'll arrange everything," Annette said confidently. "All you have to do—"

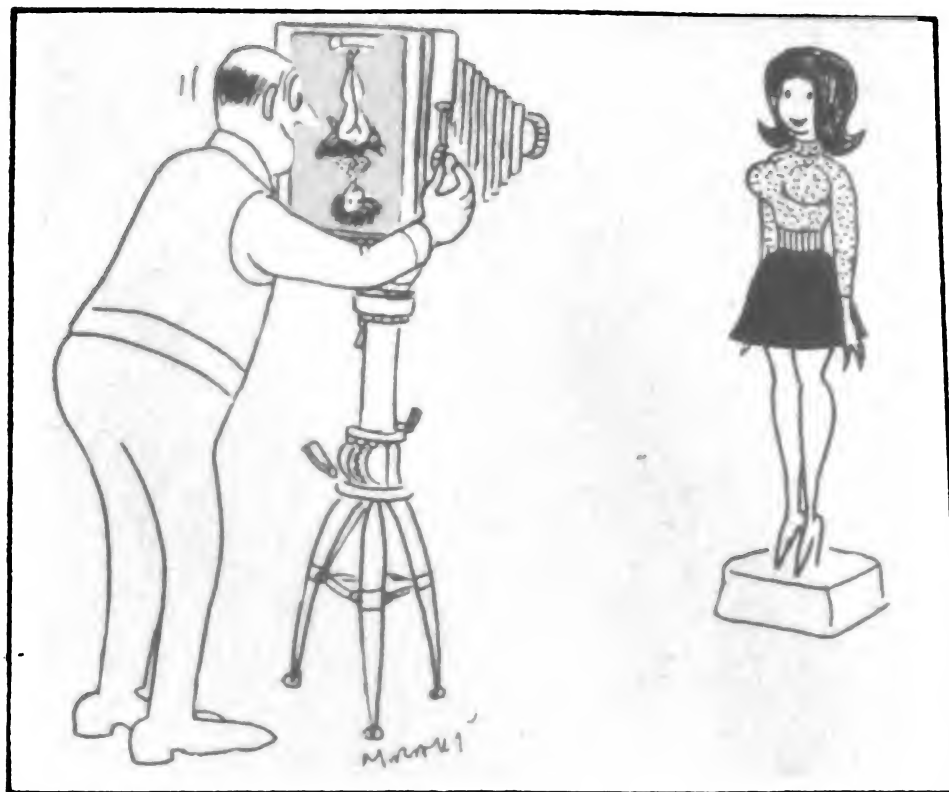
Mavis delivered Marian Talbert's car to me that night, and I loaded my own things. In the morning I drove to the woman psychiatrist's apartment and put her bags in the car. If I had ever met Dr. Marian Talbert at our house during her undergraduate days, I didn't remember her. She was a tall woman, softly rounded with a totality of flesh that just missed plumpness. Her eyes were a soft brown. Her voice was soft. Everything about her seemed soft.

Her features were good, although her dark hair was cut a trifle more boyishly than I preferred. She was dressed in a simple lightweight suit that looked like ready money. Pince-nez glasses dangled from a silver chain attached to the bosom of her suit. Even when she was wearing them, the glasses failed to hide the dark circles under her eyes. "It's awfully good of you to take all this trouble," she said quietly when we were out on the highway. "I wasn't able to talk the girls out of it."

I refrained from saying that neither had I. "It's nothing," I said. "I'm on my way farther north anyway."

That was about the extent of the morning's conversation. Marian Talbert sat with her hands in her lap, gazing at the passing scenery without seeing it, her attitude passive and unquestioning. At lunch she waited until I ordered and then said she'd have the same. When she picked up her coffee cup, I noticed that her hand trembled.

I planned on averaging 400 miles a day, and when the odometer clicked them off late that afternoon, I turned into a motel. We registered singly, and our



rooms turned out to be across a small court from each other. In deference to my companion's problem, I didn't order a cocktail before dinner. As she had at lunch, she waited until I ordered, then had the same. The woman didn't seem to have a mind of her own.

She looked tired, and I wasn't surprised when she said she thought she'd retire early. I picked up a magazine at the front desk and went back to my room. Before sitting down, I walked to the window and looked across the court at the light in Marian Talbert's room. The shade was drawn, and against it I could see a silhouette of her undressing.

I watched the show for a couple of minutes until the disrobing ceased. I was about to turn away when the silhouette unmistakably displayed Dr. Talbert with an uplifted whiskey bottle from which she took a long drink.

I had no intention of wrestling a sodden female drunk out of the sack in the morning. I slammed my magazine down into the chair, opened my door, and crossed the courtyard. I knocked sharply on Marian Talbert's door, and waited.

Perhaps sixty seconds went by before the door opened slightly. The doctor was in a negligee. I shouldered the door open wider and walked inside. A quick glance around disclosed no bottle visible. I turned to where she was standing passively, her brown eyes limpid pools of innocence. "Where's the bottle, Marian?"

"What bottle?" she asked huskily.

I didn't bother to pursue the line of inquiry. I searched her bag, dumping her underwear out on the bed, but found nothing. I searched the room, rapidly at first, then more carefully when I still couldn't find the bottle. I remembered hearsay about the craftiness of alcoholics in hiding their medicine. I didn't feel like playing games indefinitely, so I returned

to Marian Talbert. "Tell me where the bottle is," I demanded.

She said nothing, although her hands were plaited nervously together over the round bowl of her stomach. What the hell, I thought; the girls gave me the answer to this one. I took hold of her arm and marched her to the bed. "Tell me, or I'll whale it out of your butt," I told her.

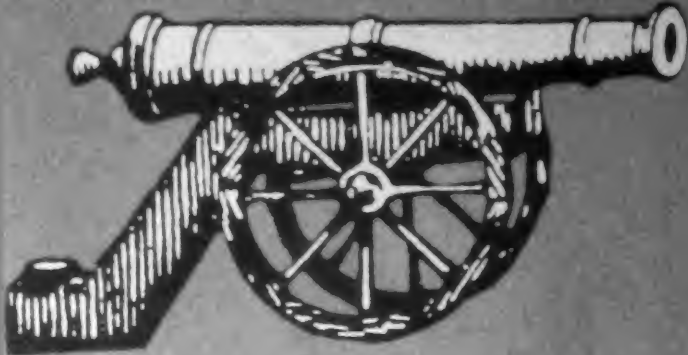
She still said nothing, but the expression in her eyes changed. I couldn't fathom its meaning, but it definitely changed. I sat down on the bed and jerked her across my knees before peeling her negligee out of the way. She was nude beneath it, and she laid there resignedly with her soft white behind turned up like a snowdrop blossom on a hillside.

"Last chance, Marian," I said. She made no reply although her hind cheeks tightened apprehensively. I gave her a dozen fast wallops on her resilient flesh which turned pink, but she made no sound. I gave her another dozen, and she started to squirm. I could hear her rapid breathing, and as she twisted on my lap I caught a quick glimpse of one full breast with its strawberry nipple screwed up as tightly as a schoolgirl's when first explored by a masculine hand.

It came to me that a spanking was a sexual thing with this woman, and since I had no intention of pursuing that avenue, I withheld a spank in mid-air. I shoved her from my knees to the floor where she crouched, rubbing her glowing globes. "We'll do it another way," I said. I stood up and undressed to my underwear, peeled the bedclothes from the double bed, and climbed into it. "See you in the morning," I said over my shoulder when my head was on one pillow.

I could sense her standing there staring down at me. Then I heard her moving quietly around the room for a while. Once she was quiet for so long I turned my head

(Continued on page 52)



HOW'S THAT AGAIN? Did you know the Defense Department is interested in sensitive Italians and cold Korean women? And it's got more than a passing interest in something called "Surface Waves on Symmetrical Three-Layer Sandwiches."

These subjects all came up before Congress not long ago when Defense was testifying on various research projects. Some of the scientific projects with unusual titles immediately caught the attention of senators, who wanted to know why the Defense Department was spending good money, for example, on "Upper Limits of Safety for Primaquine in Sensitive Italians."

Dr. John Foster, the Pentagon's chief scientist, set the record straight on this and other subjects: He explained that certain antimalaria drugs can cause an unusually large destruction of red blood cells where there is a certain enzyme deficiency. Italians, he said, tend to have this deficiency, are especially sensitive to antimalaria drugs, and it was worth \$50,000 to study them.

Another project he was called on to explain is called "Cold Adaptation of Korean Women Divers," Foster explained:

"Cold water immersion is particularly relevant to the Navy's swimming and diving operations for the deep-submergence program, and to improve rescue operations for Air Force and Navy pilots forced to bail out at sea. Certain Korean and Japanese women earn their living by diving in shallow seas for food.

"In their work they tolerate long exposures to water as cold as 50 degrees—this is the most severe cold exposure that humans are known to voluntarily endure. The research—supported by the Navy and Air Force at about \$25,000—is focused on understanding the Koreans' adaptability so that we can improve our underwater operations..."

Then the scientist went on to say that a lot of people are confused by the report on "three-layer sandwiches." This has nothing to do with food, he explained, but it "refers to a basic phenomenon in the integrated solid-state circuitry required for advanced computers and for much advanced electronic equipment."

TOURNIQUETS ARE TABOO. Men wounded in combat no longer are having tourniquets applied to them because the Army has

found they may produce further injury to soft tissue and make amputation necessary. Instead, field medics now use compression bandages or packs which preserve what healthy tissue there is left and doesn't injure vital arteries.

This new approach, coupled with rapid evacuation, is resulting in a higher percentage of lives saved and fewer amputations, the Army says.

JUNGLE EATERS. Giant plows are being used by the Army to clear jungle growth in Vietnam. The C-shaped plows are armed with a steel spike that vertically slices trees up to five feet thick. As the tree falls, a guide bar helps direct it away from the tractor. An advantage of the plow is that it leaves no holes, or mounds of dirt, for guerrillas to use for cover or concealment.

"LOOK DEEP . . ." Can hypnosis be used to keep military men from disclosing secret information if captured? The Navy's trying to find that out through experiments aimed at inducing forgetfulness. Scientists feel that under such post-hypnotic suggestion, captured men would be unable to disclose information no matter what they were subjected to by the enemy.

NOTE FROM ABROAD. "Sirring" is out in the West German army. Enlisted men need no longer address officers as "Herr" (mister or sir). Officers, in turn, now must address enlisted people by title and name, such as "Sergeant Schiller," rather than last name alone. German officials say it is another step toward making their armed forces a classless society.

ALL LIT UP. Coveralls strung with colored lights like a Christmas tree are now helping guide helicopter pilots into night-time landings aboard Navy

(Continued on page 52)

**BILL KREH'S
STRICTLY
G.I.**



"Why, any school boy could tell you what my natural aptitude is."

STRICTLY G.I.

(Continued from page 50)

ships. Flight deck signalmen wear the battery-powered suits and become sort of human traffic signals. By moving their lighted arms and legs to pre-arranged positions, they tell the pilot of an approaching helicopter if he is too high, too low, or to the right or left of the landing spot. The lights stand out clearly against the night sky.

NOW IT'S OKAY. Sterilization for GIs and their wives has been approved by the Defense Department and military doctors no longer will have to follow restrictive local or state laws.

The Pentagon recently told the military services that surgical sterilization requested by servicemen and wives should be done whenever it is medically safe and practical. It said that "neither state laws nor local medical practices will be a factor" in deciding whether or not to perform sterilization. It also made clear that no military hospital may refuse to perform surgical sterilizations as a matter of its own policy.

However, in no way would the services pressure a physician to perform a sterilization operation if he opposed the operation on religious or other grounds, officials said.

Sterilization pros and cons have been

argued by service doctors ever since the Defense Department began its broad program for birth control in 1967. At that time, birth control pills and other contraceptive devices were made available through military hospitals and dispensaries. But the policy of sterilization for both males and females at military hospitals never was clearly defined. As a result, it usually was left as a matter to be decided by the staff of each medical facility.

TAG MUFFLERS. GI dog tag fashions continue to change. After deciding to issue a medical warning tag to be worn with the ordinary dog tags, the Army now says it will issue form-fitting plastic cases to encase the tags. The idea is to silence the tags and prevent clinking tags from disclosing ambush or patrol positions.

"ARTWORK" SHOT DOWN. The Air Force has told its pilots to take all personal markings and sayings off their airplanes and not to put any more on.

The reason given by the brass was that colorful artwork and bright nicknames painted on the sides of combat aircraft lessen the effect of camouflage.

This order ends one of the longest traditions in the Air Force, dating back to World War I when American pilots, including Eddie Rickenbacker, painted their squadron emblems as well as personal markings on the planes.

Needless to say, some of the gung-ho airmen are unhappy over the order. ■

FEMALE LUSH

(Continued from page 49)

for a look. She was standing with her back to the bureau mirror with her negligee raised, examining her spanked behind. I turned my head away. Then the room light went out, and the bed creaked as she slid in on the other side, maintaining all possible distance between us.

I fell asleep only to be awakened later by what I took at first to be the clank of crockery. A quick sweep of my arm disclosed that Marian wasn't in the bed, and it came to me what the sound was. I slipped out of bed and went to the bathroom and turned on the light. Marian was standing there in her nightgown with the cover of the commode removed, reaching down into the plumbing to retrieve her bottle. I knocked her arm aside without saying a word, plunged my hand into the water to pick up the bottle, wiped it off with a towel, and took it back to the bed where I put it under my pillow. Then I went back to sleep.

When I woke in the morning she was sitting on the side of the bed with her head in her hands. "I need a drink," she said hoarsely when she saw I was awake. I took one look at her ravaged expression and agreed. I went into the bathroom with her bottle and poured three fingers into a glass, then added a shot of water.

"Here," I said, handing it to her when I returned to the bed. She drank it in two long swallows, shuddering visibly as its impact hit her. The ravaged look began to clear up almost at once, though, and by breakfast time she was almost a carbon copy of the previous day's unassertive, complaisant female.

The drive that day was also a carbon copy of the first. That night at our motel I registered us as Mr. and Mrs. I gave Marian another drink before dinner, but that was all. We went to bed early again because I planned a before-daylight start. I wanted to be rid of this wet-nursing chore.

Sometime during the night I woke sleepily with my arms full of nude female flesh. I was halfway into the saddle before I fully came to, and by that time only a bullet in the back of the neck could have stopped me. We like to set that bed on fire, and with Marian's pulsating flesh beneath me I experienced skyrockets, starbursts, and other scintillating explosions in a manner I never had before. I mean she really turned me on.

Thirty minutes later we did it again, and near dawn we staged still another encore. Instead of the early start I'd planned, we got away from the motel around noon. I gave Marian another drink before we started. During the drive that day she displayed some animation for the first time, and I caught a glimpse or two of the lively intelligence my sister Bonnie and her friends had touted.

We could have made it to Marian's aunt's house that night despite the late start, but I was curious to see if the previous night had been a one time thing. We registered at another motel, and the

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previous night turned out to be no one time thing at all. From Marian's reaction I could tell that I was doing as much for her as she was for me. It just seemed to be a natural groove, and that motel bed must have depreciated twenty percent during the hours of darkness.

I've had a few women, but none that ever made me feel like Marian. So in the morning I sent Bonnie a telegram. PUT FOURSOME ON STANDBY. WE ARE LEAVING FOR GREAT BEAR LAKE THIS NOON. SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS (Signed) ADAM AND EVE

I'll have Marian weaned from the booze when we come down out of the woods.

I'm not nearly so sure I'll be weaned of what I've come to expect from her.

Nor do I believe I want to be.

Right now I'm content to play it by ear and let the future take care of itself.

LUCKY PETE SPENCER

(Continued from page 17)

defense, I grinned wryly—couldn't take it any more. I wouldn't miss them much, I told myself, realizing then, for the first time, that there really wasn't anyone else to tell.

But somehow Roberta's little speech to the Committee got around and soon I was just as busy as I had been when the whole thing started. I hadn't realized I was so popular—either that or there were a lot more nymphs around then I thought. To tell the truth, I was kind of looking forward to a little more free time. Lucky Pete Spencer was getting old, I guess.

It was just a couple of weeks later I found an old rifle and a few boxes of shells tucked away in back of a discarded freezer. I cleaned it up and one afternoon, after telling Marilyn that I was going to shoot some fresh meat, I set off towards the mountains. Since I was running out on some of my women, I had to sneak out of town, which wasn't easy. I was almost in the hills before I remembered the funny look Marilyn had given me. At least she can't think I'm running off to some other woman—and then I started laughing. I laughed until I cried, rolling over in the clean fresh grass.

Well, I shot a couple of rabbits and a pheasant that day, all alone in the hills. I came home singing, my booty tied to the rifle and slung across my back, like Kirk Douglas in some old Viking movie. I was still singing as I walked into the living room and saw three of the Committee waiting for me, looking a little like Vikings themselves.

By the time they'd finished chewing me out for running out on my appointments, I was madder than hell. I told them they had no business running my life, and they told me that the welfare of the town was their business and they would tie me to a stake if they had to. Then I accused them of being sadistic jailors in skirts, and they called me irresponsible, selfish and, believe it or not, immoral. Poor Marilyn didn't know where to look or what to say.

Eventually we all simmered down and reached some sort of compromise. In other words, they grudgingly agreed to

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let me go hunting one afternoon a week and I got them to restrict each of their panting sex-starved subjects to their original two afternoons a month.

For a while after they left, I actually felt elated. Boy, they're going to let me go hunting. All of a sudden it hit me. They're going to let me go! Time off for good behavior! They shove me into bed with a bunch of dumb broads, most of whom didn't know their fannies from a fly-swatter, turn me into a walking sex organ, and then they permit me to go hunting one lousy afternoon a week. Terrific! Lucky, lucky Pete Spencer.

As it turned out, the whole thing got worse. That guy who said, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" didn't know the half of it. All the females who were getting four afternoons a week instead of two, including women who weren't but wanted to, were on me like a pack of wolves, with Roberta in the lead.

"Yoo hoo, Pete!" She pranced over in a tight red dress that made her look like a sausage in a casing. She was putting on weight, or maybe I'd never noticed those little rolls of fat on her neck and waist. Her makeup had turned her face almost orange.

"Pete, how could you! All the fun we've had together." The eyelashes batted furiously as I sidestepped those red talons.

"Sorry, Bert—rule's a rule."

"But just to go hunting! I mean, wouldn't you rather be with me than shooting a bunch of rabbits all alone?"

I stood there, watching her, and then I started to laugh. I couldn't stop laughing all the way home. Marilyn couldn't see the joke, either.

Soon all of them were stopping me on the street, following me, pestering me for just this once—what's an old rule, anyway? Pretty soon they were waiting for me at my front gate, ignoring my wife's icy stares. Marilyn and I didn't have much to say to each other these days anyway, but I could see this was just about the last straw.

As for me, all I could think of was getting out, O-U-T. But I couldn't leave Marilyn and the boys behind, they'd be the ones to suffer. I guess I'm not as selfish as the Committee thinks, I told myself grimly.

But on my weekly hunting trips, I ranged farther and farther, wondering what lay beyond, if there was someone—anyone—out there. In all these months, we'd never had a sign of another human. Was there life over the mountains?

I had almost abandoned the idea of escape when Sue Anson's baby was born. At the brief ceremony that marked its christening of sorts, I studied him. Was I in that tiny wrinkled face?

That night the dream came again—the kids calling, "Daddy, Daddy," only this time there were more of them and louder. I woke up as the echo bounced off the mountains—Lucky Pete Spencer.

Marilyn was still asleep when I dressed and stepped out at the first glimmer of

(Continued on page 55)

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LUCKY PETE SPENCER

(Continued from page 53)

light. My rifle slung across my back, I walked toward the hills, shivering in the cold mist. I climbed the first hill, the second, the third, until I could see the houses below me and the snow streaking the mountain tops.

Something moved below me and I threw myself down and aimed the rifle. I needed the rest, anyway. I shot once and again and the echo boomed through the stillness. Whatever it was had disappeared but I kept shooting. Crack! Crack! Crack!

Then suddenly to my left I saw a movement, then a figure—a man on a motorcycle—coming here! Life—there was life! Run down there—easy now—he's gone. I can't see him. There—his helmet. Point the rifle up—don't want him to think you're shooting at him. Run—RUN! Damn branch—get up—there he is! Hold the rifle up—arms up—friend—"Frien—"

Crack.

The helmeted man sprawled on Roberta Johnson's sofa, his hands behind his head, and watched the women fussing over his breakfast. This is the life, he thought. He closed his eyes and let the smell of frying meat and the husky whispers of the women wash over him. Paradise. No wonder that Spencer guy tried to shoot it out with me. Well, they're all mine now.

Lucky Jack Kramer, he told himself happily—Lucky, lucky Jack Kramer. ■

TOPS BETWEEN THE SHEETS

(Continued from page 29)

When the booth began to fill up with live steam she was the one who suggested a safe hotel down the street. At that she only beat me to it by a couple of seconds.

When she got me alone in the room she was in my arms like time was running out on the world, and this was her last chance. I think we both resented the time it took to get our clothes off—and that wasn't very long.

By the time we finally relaxed in each other's arms my bus was long gone. So was any idea I might of had of trying to take another in any hurry. This woman was really something special. Why hurry away from that?

The idea was okay with her. "You're the best," she said. "The best. Don't hurry away. Why not stay in town for a while? I can help you get a job if you need one."

"I don't," I said. "Besides if I stay, I won't have the strength to work anyway."

She laughed and kissed me. "Then I'll show you the town instead, dear. How would you like that?"

I told her how I'd like it—without using any words.

We'd checked into the hotel about twelve-thirty. She got up to go soon after dark. "I've got a husband," she said, "though there's times nobody'd know it.



Least of all me. Still there's no sense in getting him too mad right off."

I didn't press the point. Right then she could have had six husbands and it would not have bothered me one way or the other. I didn't think it would have bothered her either. This one was woman enough for any dozen ordinary men. Believe me, Mac, she was all of that.

She didn't talk much about herself. At the time I thought it was because her mouth had been too busy with other things. Now I think I know better—but right then I really wasn't doing too much thinking of any sort.

She told me her name was Mona Reading (correct) and she was thirty-five (not exactly right). Her husband had lots of money and twenty years head start on her. He kept in shape at his golf and athletic clubs, but apparently it didn't do him much good in bed. At least that's what she said. "He's just a nasty old man." Presumably that's where I came in.

"Paul's real jealous, dear," she said. "If he knew about this, he'd likely get real violent."

"It's his funeral if he does," I said innocently enough. "I've handled jealous old coots before this."

"Of course, dear. But what I mean is he'd want you killed, and with all his money he could buy it done. Besides he's still strong enough to beat me up. He's done it before, and he'd sure try it again. No. We just can't let him find out anything. That's why I've got to go now. I mean it."

"How will I see you?"

"Don't worry. I'm not letting you get away. I'll call you here in the morning and we'll arrange to meet again. You know I will, dear."

When she left I went out for a steak and onion rings to build my strength back up. I also bought a couple of bottles of good whiskey to keep in the room. We'd need it.

Then I slipped the bell captain a ten-spot to steer me to a slice of action. He gave me a card to a gambling house just outside the city limits, and I took a cab on out.

I dropped a few dollars at roulette and then won about five hundred at the twenty-one table. That was enough. I didn't want to win enough to attract attention in this town. So I cashed in and drifted over to the bar. In a couple of rounds of drinks I had "friends", and an hour later I'd found out quite a bit about the Reading family.

The old man had money all right—most of it inherited. His jealousy about his wife was public knowledge. The educated guesses were that he had reason for it. "She needs more than he's got to give, and the way I hear she gets it, too."

She was supposed to have had a steady boy-friend, a married society doctor. On the other hand some thought they'd broken up a while back. He was rumored to be in Reno getting a divorce.

I kept my own mouth shut and absorbed all they had to say. Some of it checked out with Mona and what she'd told me. Some didn't. She hadn't mentioned the doctor, but of course I hadn't asked either. I knew there had to be others, of course.

The big thing that didn't check was how and where she'd picked me up. A doll like that didn't belong in any lousy beer bar on a back street by the bus station. She could have had her choice at this gambling joint or the Country Club or any

(Continued on page 61)



LINDA







"Would you like me to tell your fortune?" Linda asked me as we took a break—she from posing under the hot lights and I from sipping on my gin and tonic as I watched her pose. "Well," I said, immediately suspicious, "how do you do it? Tea leaves? Palms? I've seen gypsies at carnivals, and I really can't put too much stock in that mumbo jumbo." Linda looked rather offended at my admittedly rude reply, but even the hurt look on her face could not dim its beauty. "I'm not forcing you into anything," she retorted. "But I read the Tarot, and I thought that you might be interested, that's all. But if you have that sort of attitude, I doubt that I could do a reading for you even if you wanted me to!" Well, I apologized, and Linda proceeded to lay out the oddly pictured cards that she said contained mystic symbols from Biblical times. Each line on the card, she said, had a meaning all its own, requiring much study to divine. I wonder if anything will come true?





PARIS REPORT

(Continued from page 27)

scary about that, except for the fact that the lead is played by a skeleton.

Warner had more trouble in digging up the skeleton than he did in directing it, since the thing just lies there on the stage. He finally found most of the bits and bones he wanted, though, at a scientific college—Oxford Polytechnic. But he had to get the head—or the skull—from one of the museums in Oxford. The one he chose was Indian, and Warner topped a fine old English backbone with it. Weird? Yes—but that's the way Warner does things.

The third of Warner's plays is called "Figure and Meat." Warner got the idea for it from a painting by Francis Bacon, one of the biggest names in today's English art world.

In the picture—Bacon's slab of the thing—there's a single figure huddled under two hanging hunks of bloody beef. In the play, though, there are two skinny figures huddled under the bulky hulks of beef. Both, naturally, are *au naturel*—nude, naked and unadorned.

Warner's dramatic endeavor will play for just one week on Oxford, where the Beckett business was the biggest box-office break they've had since Oxford—the Playhouse, not the University—opened. After that one week Warner's trilogy—which, incidentally, is called "Maquettes" and means models, or scale drawings—will move to Edinburgh, Scotland, for the festival there.

There isn't a theater available, though. So "Maquettes" will be shown in the Edinburgh Psychiatric Hospital. ■

TOPS BETWEEN

(Continued from page 55)

posh joint in town. It was way out of character for her.

Still, I thought, maybe she knew what she was doing at that. I knew she'd been happy with me. Beyond a certain point that can't be faked except to a real innocent. That I wasn't. She had a man in me who knew nobody in town. No talk in case she wanted the doc back when he came home. No "mutual friend" to run to her husband about me. Maybe she knew.

Before it got too late I went on back to the hotel and hit the sack. I wanted to be all set for the next day.

Sure enough she called me about noon and came on down to the hotel so we could wear ourselves out all over again. Whatever else Mona was or wasn't—she was just about tops between the sheets. She even knew tricks I'd never heard of and won't ever forget.

I stayed around town and we kept meeting whenever she could shake old Reading. Don't get me wrong, now, there was nothing in it for me but the sport. She

never even bought me a drink, and I wasn't stupid enough to think she'd ever marry a drifter. In good time one or both of us would decide to break things off and that would be that.

Meanwhile we were both having the time of our lives. I made enough gambling to pay my way. I'm not greedy, so that was enough.

After the first week we stopped staying in the hotel all the time. I started taking her to night spots and out to dinner. We went to good places, too. She wouldn't go for a dive. It puzzled me—particularly when we began to run into people she knew. Not that I really cared. I had nothing to lose locally. But I wondered how come she didn't seem to care more. It was her neck.

After a while I found out.

One morning in the third week after I hit town I got a phone call from her husband. "I know about you and my wife, Mr. Garber," he told me. "I want you to stop seeing her as of right now."

"Hold on," I said. "I'm not admitting anything of course, but it seems to me your wife must be old enough to take care of herself. Nobody, including me, could kidnap her against her will. Now could they?"

"Don't be insolent," he yelled over the phone. "I'll have you know I've got influence in this city. You do as I tell you, or you'll find out just how much influence. I won't have it."

I laughed at him. "You scare me to death," I said. "Go ahead and throw your weight around. The minute you call anybody you just draw a picture of yourself with a head full of horns. Go right ahead. I don't care how much of a fool you make of yourself. And don't think you wouldn't have to. As far as the cops go I'm clean as a whistle in this town."

"Maybe I don't mean cops," he said.

That made me sit up. He might or might not have nerve enough to hire me killed, but if he did he had plenty of folding money to finance any kind of hit.

I played it straight. "If you do, send an army. Because if the first one doesn't get me, I'm coming for you. Besides those boys would spread the word just as wide as the cops would."

He hung up, and so did I.

I phoned Mona at home. "He called me just now from his office," I said and went on to tell her the meat of it.

She just laughed. "You were perfectly right to tell him off. He's scared to death of that sort of scandal—particularly me going with an outsider, a drifter. We'll just have to be a little more careful. You go and rent a small apartment somewhere, then phone me. I'll come right down and meet you there."

So who was I to argue with that idea?

When she showed up she was in such a steam she hardly waited to get her clothes off. Believe me, she was better that day than I'd ever known her to be—even the first time. I put it down to the spice of danger. Some women are like that.

I'd gone out that afternoon without settling with the hotel. After she left I decided to go back and tend to that and pick up my clothes at the same time. It was a mistake. Her husband must have had

somebody watching the place to phone him when I came in. Or maybe it was the clerk. It doesn't matter now.

Anyway he showed up before I'd even had time to pack. His knock was soft enough so I thought it was the maid. When I pulled the door open—in he came with a rush.

He was old and fat with dewlaps and waddles and a three hundred dollar silk suit. His mouth was wide open and he started yelling as soon as he got inside. The gist of it was he'd had all he could take. I was to get out of town right now.

I just stood there and listened while he got red in the face and his eyes almost popped out as he sputtered and yelled. He was leaning on a heavy cane, and all of a sudden he remembered he had it and swung it up to take a crack at me. I threw up my hands to ward him off and he ran right into my advanced left. I didn't really hit him. I didn't want to hurt the man.

Of course that made him even madder. This time he got a two-handed grip on the cane and was set to swing at me as if it was a baseball bat.

"Hold on!" I yelled. "I don't want to hurt you, you old fool!"

He wasn't about to stop. He took a couple of steps towards me. Then he seemed to stiffen all over and the cane fell out of his hands. He stood there for a minute while his face turned blue and he tried to swallow his tongue. Then down he went in a heap on top of that cane.

By the time I got him turned right side up his heart had stopped. D.O.A.—Dead On Arrival on the floor I guess. Nobody'd ever told me he had a bad ticker, and now

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I knew what a spot I was in then. Half the town knew by this time I'd been hanging with Reading's wife. Now here he was on the floor of my room dead, with the mark of my fist on him. Any cop could figure he'd come after me, and I'd beat him up and killed him. The weak heart would be no excuse in that town.

They couldn't make it first degree murder on the evidence, but second degree looked like a sure bet to me. Something had to be done—and done fast.

The first thing I did was phone Mona. She was home and she didn't sound too surprised. That's when I began to put two and two together.

"What are you going to do?" she said. "I'm blowing town of course. They won't find him till they make up the room in the morning. That'll give me a good start."

"You'll need it," she said. "I think you're wise not to stay and stand a trial. He has—had—lots of friends in town. There's not much you could plead."

You saw to that by showing me off around town, I told myself. Aloud I said, "A start isn't all I'll need, honey. You've got to meet me right away at the apartment. And bring getaway money. At least a thousand dollars."

"What do you mean? Why should I?"

"You know better than that, doll," I said. "You don't want me on the stand telling the town all about us. Even if they know, and they do, it's better not to have it on the record. Besides you'll want to pick up your car. (I'd been driving a little sports job of hers for a week.) Take a cab to the neighborhood and you can drive it home with you."

I hung up before she had a chance to say any more. I knew she'd come all right. When she thought about it she'd figure if I was caught and tried I could tell the court she put me up to killing. Then she'd be in for conspiracy at least.

By the time she got to the apartment I'd started to simmer down. After all things weren't as bad as I'd first thought. The old man had died of natural causes brought on by his own temper. I hadn't killed him or even hit him hard enough to mark him.

It probably was a good idea to leave town for a while—but common sense told me nobody could really make a case of murder out of it. When Mona came in I was having second thoughts.

"Hello, honey," I said. "I'm sorry I snapped at you. And maybe a thousand claims isn't exactly what I need." I was willing to settle for half right then.

She gave me one of those long, guarded looks of hers. Then she laughed. "For once I agree," she said. She took an envelope out of her bag and tossed it over to me. "I had this ready for you, before you phoned."

Inside there were twenty one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Sure," she said. "I knew he might pop off if he got mad enough at you. His doctor'd told me about the ticker. You're right that you were just a patsy when this all began. I wouldn't have cared then if you had to take a rap. That all changed, honey. Couldn't you tell what you came to mean to me?"

"I thought I could," I said. "Then . . ."

"Then you wondered. I can't blame you. Now I don't want you to go. Write me where you are, and I'll come out when this blows over. Even this much money's not much fun all alone."

"You mean it—don't you?"

She came closer. "Watch me prove it, Ed. Help me prove it."

We proved it until long after dark. Even then I hated to go . . . even though I knew it was only for a while.

NEW VIOLENCE

(Continued from page 23)

play, unless you were an extrovert. I asked to be let off but she tried to convince me I would enjoy it."

Clint recalls that he was so frightened during rehearsals that he almost ran away from school, but he made the opening. "That play was the turning point in my life," he says. "I remember drying up when the first laugh came, but then I realized it had come in the right place and that all the kids in the audience were laughing with me—not at me. I suppose it was the first time I realized you could act extroverted without really being so, and also that being self-confident didn't mean people took an instant dislike to you. I was 15, but it was the day I grew up."

At 15, Clint was within one inch of his present 6-feet-4. That summer, driving a \$25 rattletrap bought for him by his father, he took off for southern California and got a job bailing hay. "At night I was so tired I could scarcely crawl into my bunk, but it sure toughened me up." On weekends, Clint and two buddies, Bob Sturges and Jack McKnight, took part in drag races, not exactly the safest of sports.

Clint, Bob and Jack spent the following summer working as forest fire fighters in California's Mount Lassen country. It was a dawn-to-dusk backbreaking job, and in one four-day fire, Clint became trapped and came within inches of being killed. Now he says:

"I loved working in the forest, but it was a difficult time for me. I had to make up my mind on what I was going to do. I knew I didn't want to be a doctor or a lawyer. I wanted to be outdoors. I didn't particularly want to go to college or to take a routine job." The answer was a lumber camp in Oregon, where he worked until entering the Army during the Korean war.

Assigned to Fort Ord, on the Monterey Peninsula, for basic training, Clint became a swimming instructor and remained in that capacity through the war. Soon after his discharge, Clint met the girl he was to marry, University of California coed Maggie Johnson.

"She's the kind of girl I really like," says Clint. "There's nothing phony about her. She has natural good looks and, like me, loves the outdoors. She's blonde, 5-feet-7. I like her sense of humor, and she sure needs it sometimes. I can be difficult."

Clint enrolled in Los Angeles City College, worked nights at various jobs, dated Maggie on weekends and married her Dec. 19, 1963. They have one child, Kyle,

now 3. While still in college, Clint made a screen test for Universal and received a contract which resulted in his appearing in the long-running "Rawhide" TV series and his first film, a low-budget western shot in Spain and titled "A Fistful of Dollars." This led to the dozen-odd "Dollar" pictures, all violent Westerns. Their reception in Europe was such that Clint was hailed as "the new Gary Cooper."

"I don't see myself as Gary Cooper's successor," Clint tells you, "but I'm flattered at the comparison. I'm just a tall, lanky American who came on the scene at the right time." Clint had little dialogue in "A Fistful of Dollars," and his "yups" and "Nopes" were reminiscent of Cooper.

Clint's roles in the "Dollar" movies impressed producers here, too, resulting in a co-starring role with Richard Burton in "Where Eagles Dare," and another as Lee Marvin's fighting partner in "Paint Your Wagon." He won additional acclaim as a tough sheriff in "Coogan's Bluff" and as a hardened mercenary in "Two Mules for Sister Sara."

Brian Hutton, Clint's director in "Where Eagles Dare" and "Kelly's Heroes," says "On the screen, Clint Eastwood is a man who knows where he's going. He knows what he's after and he knows how to get it. In an age of uncertainty in the arts, politics and everything else, people enjoy watching a man like this in action. They don't want to see the anguish of a Brando or a James Dean anymore. They want to escape into something more positive."

In "Kelly's Heroes," Clint co-stars with Telly Savalas, Don Rickles, Donald Sutherland and Carroll O'Connor. He plays a quiet but tough private in the MGM war film. He is the instigator of a mission to capture \$16 million in gold behind enemy lines during a World War II rest period.

Savalas, a former propaganda director for the State Department, says of Clint: "Both he and Gary Cooper project one thing—beautifully pure Americanism. In that sense, Clint belongs to the great tradition of American stars—Cooper, John Wayne, Gregory Peck, Henry Fonda, James Stewart, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable."

MOVIE PROSTITUTES

(Continued from page 45)

But Ilya was having too much "fun" the other way. So she returns to what she feels is her real purpose in life—pleasing men. In the process she also reforms the reformer for Homer realizes, as film critic Arthur Knight puts it, "That there is more satisfaction in the simple joy of living than in any search for an abstract truth."

Never on Sunday stirred a storm of controversy. For the first time the screen showed a prostitute who relished her "job" and who suffers no punishment for what she's doing—both clear violations of the Code. It was denied a "seal of approval" and several local censorship boards attempted to ban it in their communities.

But the public, like the men in the story, loved Ilya! Made for only \$125,000 it piled

up staggering grosses of over eight million, emboldening other filmmakers.

"Her name is Bobbie Williams. Her kind of life is now shown on the screen for the first time—realistically, honestly, excitingly."

So read the ad for the 1961 *Girl of the Night* Adopted from Dr. Harold Greenwald's *The Call Girl* (a group of case histories of actual prostitutes) it showed the prostitute's life as it really was—hard and unglamorous. Apparently though it was a bit too "grim" for public taste. It failed at the box office.

The 1962 *Walk On The Wild Side*, loosely based on Nelson Algren's great novel of New Orleans "low life" in the 1920's, got the screen back on the glamorous prostitutes' track. Its fancily decorated bordello, here called "The Doll House", well-stocked with beautiful pleasure girls, made prostitution look mighty inviting. The moviegoers' interest was perked further by adding a dash of perversion. The House's madam (played by Barbara Stanwyck) was unmistakably a lesbian who enjoys the "favors" of her girls along with the male customers—another taboo-shattering development.

But it took showman-producer Joe Levine to really put the high-class cathouse on the movie map with his 1964 film version of real-life madam Polly Adler's sizzling memoirs *A House Is Not A Home*.

Miss Adler, you may recall, was a gal who put much of the roar into the roaring twenties, her elegantly furnished New York "hot spot" catering to well-heeled businessmen, "respectable" politicians and even the police.

"Busted" in 1945 by LaGuardia's reform administration she went "legit" by enrolling as a student at UCLA. For her thesis she wrote up her colorful experiences as a madam which later became the best-selling book.

As adopted by writers Clarence Greene and Russell Rouse the film hued fairly close to the book. Shelly Winters was likeably exuberant as Polly, Caesar Romero, tough and dapper as her "good friend" ganglord Lucky Luciano, and the late Robert Taylor cruelly ruthless as the gangster who sets Miss Adler up in the prostie trade. (He enjoys beating up the girls when they get "out of line.")

Livening up the "scenery" was a bevy of beautifully stacked young "starlets" fairly busting out of their skimpy undergarments as Polly's "merchandise." It's doubtful if the actual inhabitants of the Adler establishment were quite as attractive or fun-loving as these filmic counterparts but no males in the audiences were heard complaining.

The "charms" of brothel life also featured prominently in producer Al Zugsmith's 1967 filmization of John Cleland's much-banned 18th century satire of Victorian manners and morals, *Fanny Hill*.

The movie code had been "liberalized" a year before so anything went in bringing Fanny's amorous adventures to the screen.

German beauty Letitia Roman had just the right combination of sensuality and winsome "innocence" to play Fanny, the "pure" country girl who takes up residen-

ce in Maud Brown's London bawdy house without realizing its true purposes. "It's plain and simple, but we call it a house—I mean a home," says the motherly Maud to her young charge.

Zugsmith ignored the book's literary pretensions and concentrated instead on "broad" humor, the more suggestive the better. There's the scene where Fanny, fending off the advances of a hot and bothered young sailor, tells him, "My real name is Frances, but everybody calls me Fanny." The sailor, observing her succulently round behind, replies, "And rightly so!"

Later, Fanny and a handsome young rake seek shelter from a rainstorm in a barn. To protect her dress, she asks the



man to help her off with it. This he happily does. Standing behind her he fumbles eagerly with the buttons. Suddenly Fanny cries out, "I feel a mouse in the hay!" The man slides off her dress. Fanny now exclaims, "I can still feel the mouse, only now it's bigger!" The implication of the man's erection is clear.

Today, with the end completely of the code and the establishment of a rating system that allows adult treatment of adult subjects, prostitution is being openly proclaimed on screen, as shown in such recent releases as *The Best House In London* and *Castle Keep*.

Best House, a rollicking burlesque on Victorian melodrama, is set in a fabulous bordello that caters to every sexual predilection—a King Solomon Room served by young virgins, a Bluebeard Room, a Wrestling room, a Roman Baths room, and a very "special" room, for those with sado-masochistic tastes—all of it shown in unflinching detail.

Asked if it was difficult getting attractive young actresses to play these accommodating ladies the film's director, Philip Saville says, "Not at all. The girls loved playing the parts. This is one make-believe a young woman appears to enjoy

as if to satisfy a subconscious desire to try out how it feels to be on the other side of respectability."

Castle Keep is equally blunt. Set in Belgium during WW 2 it tells of a platoon of tough American GI's taking a well-deserved respite from battle at *The Red Queen*—The most beautiful brothel in Europe—its girls "imported from Paris."

"Ten years ago we probably wouldn't have been able to show this part of wartime experience in such explicit terms," says the film's director, Sidney Pollack. "But films have lost their inhibitions and can now be more honest about these matters."

Other recent films like *The Owl and the Pussycat*, with super-star Barbra Streisand as a sympathetic prostitute, *The Cheyenne Social Club*, a western about two drifters who inherit a you know what, and an "unexpurgated" film version of Henry Miller's paeon, to the Paris whorehouses *The Tropic of Cancer*, indicate that this bold new look in screen prostitution is here to stay.

"STARLET"

(Continued from page 13)

(in the movie of that name) and an electrocution not unlike the famous frying of Oddjob in "Goldfinger," the third of the James Bond thrillers (remember James Bond . . . Remember when cheap thrill movies were just cheap and thrilling . . .?)

And, of course, Carol has the last-reel wisdom to turn her much ogled-at back on the EVILS of EVI to learn less perverse tricks in a competitive studio and to play faithful wife to Doug Davis.

We certainly don't need to add by way of emphasis that everything that could possibly happen happens in this film. Just to compare our reaction—favorable of course—to all these happenings with those of other viewers, I and my groovy-chick stationed ourselves in the lobby and buttonholed people on their way out. My chick was luckier than I, since most of the patrons who were coming out were males. Several fellows just waved their Raisinette boxes at me to let me know they didn't need anything more. But some of the reactions were interesting. Examples: "Better than 'Bridge Over The River Kwai!'" "The raunchiest movie I've ever seen, over or underground!" "Okay if you like that sort of thing!" "A little off-beat for great for skin, sex and action!" "Better than 'Vixen' but not as good as 'Zodiac Couples!'"

Deciding that I was getting nowhere, I asked the popcorn girl whether she thought people were enjoying the movie. She thought a minute as she fidgeted with the popcorn cartons and said, with a wicked smile, "Well, they sure do have smiles on their faces when they come out . . ."

Walking out into the dirty night air, a happy smile on my face, I was trying to remember the last movie—and I do see a lot—that had set me smiling. All I could come up with was "Bambi"—the last "something for everybody" movie in Hollywood history.

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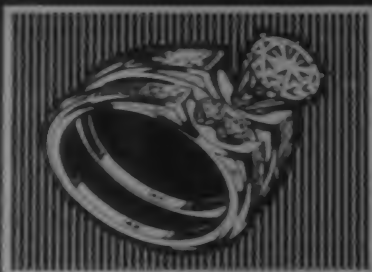
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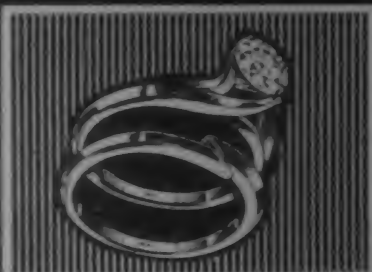
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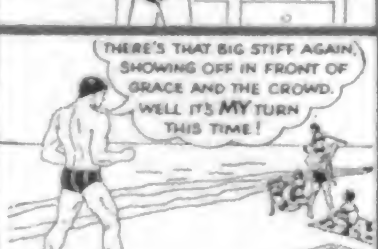
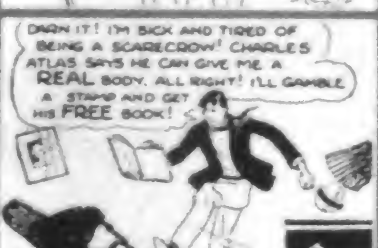
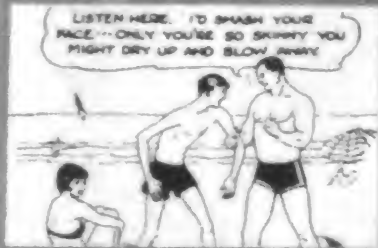
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